



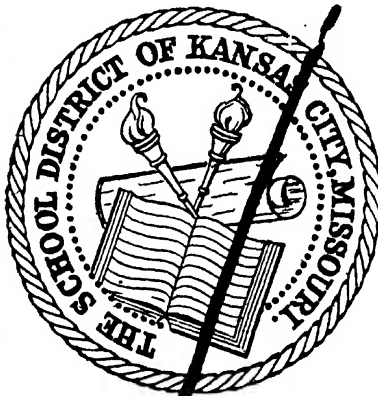
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# *Garden Wise and Otherwise*

"God Almighty first planted a Garden — And indeed it is the purest of humane pleasures.

It is the greatest Refreshment to the Spirits of Man; without which, Buildings and Palaces are but Grosse Handy-works.

And a Man shall ever see that when Ages grow to Civility and Elegancie, Men come to build Stately, sooner than to Garden Finely. As if Gardening were the Greater Perfection."

From Sir Francis Bacon's "*OF GARDENS*"





THE BREATH OF SPRING

# *Garden Wise*

*and Otherwise*

*by*

*Joshua Freeman Crowell*

*A Book For All Lovers of Gardens*



*Boston*  
***Bruce Humphries, Inc.***  
*Publishers*

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### *Acknowledgments*

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*Designed by C. E. Farrar*

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and printed on Flemish laid paper  
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TO  
THE WEST DENNIS AND HYANNIS GARDEN CLUBS  
OF  
CAPE COD

*A garden is a thought of God. His rain,  
His sun, will generously renew  
Each graceful outline, each glowing hue,  
To picture what enlarges man to entertain.  
Each tree or flower is like a strain  
Of lofty music wafted from the blue,  
To hearts that feel but never rue  
The shadows that to life remain.*

*For here God walked and left behind  
His golden east and crimson west.  
Now His bright beauty is enshrined  
In blooms of joy. His thought caressed  
Each garden moment. Here, we may find  
His generous gifts of faith and rest.*

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# *Garden Wise*

## **By Way of Preface**

What is my favorite flower? How can I tell?  
Since all varieties have cast on me a spell.  
After due deliberation, and all is said and done,  
I could not possibly eliminate to one:  
Nor, for any reason, a dozen or a score;  
I would always regret I had not added more.  
I have a hundred favorites and each is best —  
There really may be more — but let that matter rest.  
I only hope these sketches will pleasantly amuse  
The reader, perhaps inspire, at least enthuse  
All garden-minded who my offerings peruse.

## Exhortation

*Let us not plan the year by hours  
But measure life by trees and flowers,  
And, garden wise, go train a vine  
And plant a spruce or fir or pine.  
Then delve in peace, without a fear,  
And make each year a garden year.*

## **The Christmas Rose** *(Helleborus Niger)*

After Christmas, when we begin  
a-wearying for spring,  
We are grateful for the pristine  
loveliness you bring.

We will protect you tenderly until  
each bloom is done,  
And through the year from much  
ungentle wind and sun.

You are not a rose at all, yet no rose  
could take your place,  
Since you wait the seasons through  
to say midwinter grace.

While nature holds all other flowers  
in chains of sleep,  
You rise in beauty and your tryst  
with winter keep.

## **Juniper**

Like many a weird beacon light  
On a wild night at sea,  
Are the blue, blue berries bright  
On the green, green tree.



## **A Winter Song**

Return, O Spring, and wing away  
The long depressing winter day!

Return, O Spring, and once more fling  
Your lovely dream of growing green!

Return, O Spring, and sweetly sing  
The lilting lays of softer days!

Return, O Spring, and with you bring  
The thrills of yellow daffodils!

Return, O Spring, and softly ring  
The bloom-bells in the dales and dells!

Return, O Spring, the joyous thing  
That Winter stole, your gentle soul!

Return, O Spring, and gayly sing  
Anew your strong and eager song!

Return, O Spring, and boldly fling  
Open wide the summer tide!

## **The English Daisy**

Sometimes, while winter dallies,  
I have found a round and rosy thought of spring  
Arising from the cold damp earth —  
“Wee tippet” Bellis blossoming.

## The Return

Though Winter may impose its icy fare  
And show no hurry to depart,  
There is a different feeling in the air,  
And Spring arises in the heart!

At once it sets our blood a-coursing  
Like the rising maple sap,  
And we long to shed our winter garments  
As a pussy-willow does its cap.

We almost feel a gentle throbbing  
Beneath the surface of the earth,  
As if the flowers of bulbs were sobbing  
For the ecstasy of birth.

Here and there in certain corners  
Down beneath the sodden mould,  
Are Daffodils in patience waiting  
To lift their hearts of gold.

Every day the fens and plashes  
Are adding color with a zest.  
Many a Bluebird has already  
Sought location for a nest.

Into the house we bring the branches  
Of Forsythia and Larch,  
To persuade these April blossoms  
They can show themselves in March.

The buds of many trees are swelling,  
The tide is running high,  
The ocean is a new tale telling,  
Evergreens more softly sigh!

Little hands of green are lifted  
From the early Iris beds,  
And already dainty Snowdrops  
Are pushing up their elfin heads.

These and other signs and wonders  
Suggest to us that Spring is near,  
And, before we grow much older,  
We'll be saying: "Spring is here!"

Spring is sure! Spring is coming!  
Oh, how hard it is to wait!  
With poor old Winter let's have patience,  
Spring is sometimes very late!



A WINTER POEM



## To the King of Evergreens

Here's a cheer for the Nordmann Fir,  
The finest tree a-growing!  
In winter storm and springtime stir  
With beauty overflowing!

It gives to all who gaze on it,  
A generous bestowing.  
Tall and stately, strong and fit,  
A dark, green, graceful growing!

Another cheer for the Nordmann Fir,  
Sturdy, bright, and glowing,  
Most majestic in the whirr  
Of a light, soft snowing.

Never a season of the year  
A debt to beauty owing,  
Always greenly full of cheer,  
A silver reflex showing.

One more cheer for the Nordmann Fir,  
The finest tree a growing!  
Patient, kindly: — I aver  
It is a friend worth knowing!

## Arabis

Flower of spring, your blooms are like  
the drifts of winter gone;  
Your scent foretells the honey  
of a summer morn!

## **Snowdrop** (*Galanthus*)

If I should tell of springtime  
To one who had not heard,  
I would call it ring time  
Of forest beast and bird.

But most of all, the springtime  
Is marked when they appear:  
The pure white, dainty snowdrops,  
Firstlings of the year.

## **Siberian Wallflower** (*Cheiranthus*)

After Winter, with its storms and cold,  
There's a sudden quickening in the mold.  
Eldorado! We have discovered gold,  
Cheiranthus, truly bright and bold!

When April turns with many a tear,  
And every heart has primal fear,  
Blazes brilliant orange near,  
Cheiranthus, ever bringing cheer!

On the foggiest spell in May,  
A dismal density of grey,  
A burst of sunshine fills the day,  
Cheiranthus blooming bright and gay!

## **Crown Imperial** (*Fritillaria Imperialis*)

For the first fiesta of the year  
Dainty snowdrops, crocuses that cheer,  
And chionodaxas charmingly appear;  
Fragrant hyacinths take their turn,  
And tulip torches flare and burn;  
Then the moment of a thousand thrills —  
The bounteous blooming of the bright blue squills!  
At the height of this display,  
Earliest festival of the year,  
Robed in regal red array,  
Their royal majesties appear,  
With crown imperials on their heads  
Of flower gems of golds and reds,  
To greet the joy time of the year  
Their royal majesties appear!  
To hold their court, while every evergreen  
Adds tender lusters to its winter sheen,  
And birds begin to trill and preen.  
While arabis calls out the honey-bees  
And Spring sets surging up the sap of trees  
Till buds are born at every pulsing breeze.  
As the burden of the wind comes soft and low  
And the vibratory mystery of life is all aglow:  
Then their royal majesties appear  
To greet the joy time of the year.

## **Bleeding-Heart** (*Dielytra*)

In the make up of the parcel and the part  
Of each old fashioned garden, was the Bleeding-heart.  
Perhaps because in the daily drama of the past,  
Every love-lorn maiden to the role of bleeding heart was cast.



## Crocuses at Cummaquid

Crocuses in mass!  
                    If you should pass  
The Simpkins place  
                    in its hour of grace,  
What can surpass  
                    this plot of grass?  
You need to bring  
                    no offering,  
Just pause and see  
                    a jubilee!

## Hyacinths

If their buoyant beauty your heart has fired,  
You may not need to see  
                    how well they grow for me.  
Out of the earth they rise, es-spined,  
Expectant yet complete,  
                    virgin white and sweet.  
I wonder if the poet Virgil  
When he retired to his Aegean hill,  
And saw the wild, white hyacinths upspringing,  
Felt, as I do now, each spring  
                    a rare exultant thrill!

## Forsythia at Creltholme

I wonder if the Maytime dreamer knows  
    One wonderful alluring sight,  
How effulgently Forsythia glows  
    Beneath fair Luna's pure soft light.

## Silver Bells    Snowdrop Tree

(*Halesia*)

In April, in Tryon,  
The Silver Bells are bordering the dells,  
In Tryon, in April.  
The Violets are blue and grey,  
And all the slopes the Spring display  
With Judas pink and Dogwood white  
In Tryon, in April.

But nothing gives us more delight  
Than to roam and see the Snowdrop Tree  
With its silver bells, beside the dells  
In April, in Tryon.

## Wallflower

(*Cheiranthus*)

In the old walled gardens of the nuns  
Cheiranthi flourished,  
By careful care and toil and prayer  
were they nourished.  
Now the Wallflower blooms in gardens  
that we know,  
But its fragrance has the charm  
of long ago,  
Of the old walled gardens where the nuns  
went to and fro.

## Carolina Jessamine

(*Gelsemium*)

Yellow sweet the Jessamine blooms  
Up and down the St. John's River,  
Where the green palm gleams, and the gray moss glooms,  
And the Spanish Bayonets quiver.  
Yellow sweet the Jessamine blooms  
In Charleston brooding by the sea,  
Around the old, old mansions looms, and on the tombs  
Of ancient aristocracy.

Yellow sweet the Jessamine blooms  
From Tryon to Key West;  
All those who know its bright festoons of fragrant plumes,  
They are among the blest.

The sweetest Jessamine I have ever known,  
With all its yellow glow,  
Outside my old New England home in beauty shone  
Above the March time snow.

## Periwinkle or Myrtle

(*Vinca*)

The leaves of the myrtle cover the ground  
With glossy green beauty all the year round.

To herald the bluebird and purple finch too  
It twinkles with starry periwinkle blue.

## Virginia Cowslip

*(Mertensia)*

The breath of spring, the softening sky,  
The winds that sing, the field-lark's cry,  
The wealth of noon, red maple trees,  
The crescent moon, — give me more of these!  
Give me more of the flower that seems to be  
Essence of spring, of sky and sea,  
Of the glowing sky and the glamoring sea,  
Give me more of spring, and more of thee,  
Mertensia!

## Tamarisk

*(Tamarix Africana)*

When jewel laden are my arms,  
Tall and lithe and strong,  
I'm impresario of spring,  
Of bird flight and of song.

When June removes my robes of rose  
And gives me green and gray,  
I, like a kindly matron,  
Watch the summer holiday.

## Golden Alyssum

Glorious, upspread, feathered sprays  
Of pure, untempered sunlike rays;  
Even on the gloomiest days,  
You are color's hymn of praise!

## **Wistaria**

Loops of lavender are lacing  
From above!  
Drooping round me, all embracing  
Flowers of love!  
All the golden noon to twilight  
Is betrayed,  
Yellow sunlight metamorphosed  
Into violet shade.

Somewhere, other love is calling,  
And the flowers,  
Ever fading, ever falling,  
Spell the hours.

Joy is flying, joy is dying,  
Joy is dead!  
All the bounty, all the beauty  
Of Wistaria is shed!  
'Tis not the end, but the beginning,  
For the wee, new shoots that twine  
Are the sign  
Of a larger beauty winning  
In the vine.

## **Tufted Pansies** *(Violas)*

I thought that the sky was falling,  
The earth was so blue with you:  
I looked up, for the sky was calling  
On you to endorse its blue!

## **Pansy** (*Viola*)

I read ineffable thoughts  
In your charming faces,  
Memorializing older times  
And dearer places.  
All the white and gold of youth  
Eagering for life and truth,  
Violet depths of yearning years,  
Roseate dreams or clouding fears,  
Bronze or lavender in the strife  
Of the flowering of life,  
And thronging purple memories  
In lights and shadows come and go,  
Hopes and joys of crowded years: —  
And all we seem to feel and know,  
Your wise and friendly faces show!

## **Blue Flax** (*Linum Perenne*)

My little blue angels  
Hover over and hide  
In the swaying green feather-sprays,  
Where they abide.  
Mad wind and bad weather  
Will stress them about,  
But warmed by the sunshine  
They will slyly peep out.

**Star of Bethlehem**  
**Johnny-jump-up      Johnny-go-to-bed**  
*(Ornithogalum Umbellatum)*

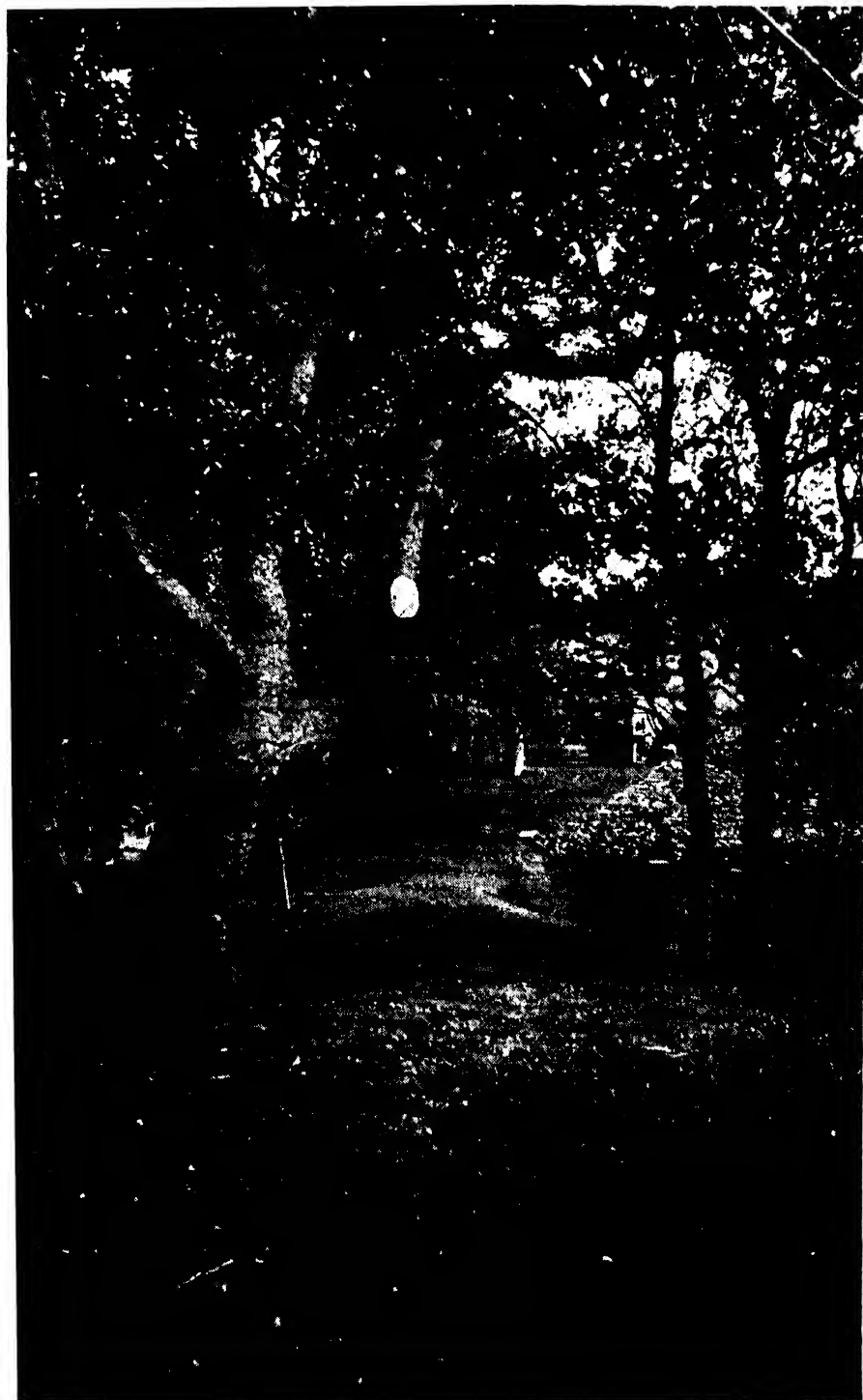
In the spring, about the time  
The buttercups begin to cup,  
The unexpected Johnny-jump-up  
Begins his jumping up.

Almost as soon as Johnny jumps up,  
He begins to nod his head,  
And then each Johnny-go-to-bed  
Jumps up and goes to bed!

**Cornflower    Bachelor Button**  
*(Centaurea Cyanus)*

A Triolet

This bachelor-button blue  
Is the garden's loveliest hue!  
I cannot give it its due,  
This bachelor-button blue!  
It seems the earth to imbue  
With color eternally new.  
I wish that everyone knew  
This bachelor-button blue  
Is the garden's loveliest hue!



DOWN THE PATH TO MIRROR POOL





## Buttercups

*(Ranunculae)*

The Crowfoot is sunshine to the meadow  
While springtime buttercups the plain;  
And the Kingcups and the Goldcups  
Are yellowing road and lane.

The Persian *Ranunculae*  
Are gorgeous in extreme,  
And fill a sheltered corner  
With colors of a dream.

But all the gold of Ophir  
No greater joy can bring  
Than a billion, billion buttercups  
A-meadowing in spring.

## Mullein Pink

*(Lychnis)*

Has the old, old fashioned Mullein Pink  
Gone forever? It was for years a lingering link  
With the era of the Marjoram, mint and tansy bed,  
Of the southernwood, which, some have said,  
Would keep off faintness, if carried in the hand  
And smelled from time to time. It was the land  
Of nosegays, where every garden grew  
The Ragged Robin and the Wandering Jew.  
Catch-flies and Campions are with us yet,  
As is forever the romping Bouncing Bet.  
But some, if they have vanished, would be a loss,  
Especially the Mullein Pink and Maltese Cross.

## The Grass-pink Walk

Grandfather's house stood under the willows far down the  
lane,  
Sturdy and simple, of timbers brought in his schooner from  
Maine.  
On the South and West the fields and meadows sloped down  
to the bay,  
On the East were the marshes, the creek, the open sea, and  
the far away.  
There was the little front yard with lilacs and pinks, — I wish  
once more  
I could go up and down the grass-pink walk that ran to the  
old front door.

Near the side of the house was the curb of the deep old  
fashioned well,  
The geranium and dahlia beds, and the grape-vine over the  
ell.  
In the early spring the place was bright with tulips tall and  
red,  
In the autumn sun chrysanthemums glowed and sweetly over-  
head  
The Madeira-vine profusely bloomed; yet my memory seems  
to store  
As its greatest treasure, the grass-pink walk that ran to the  
old front door.

The Peach-tree garden was well enclosed by a lofty wooden  
fence,  
With a corner devoted to herbs and simples, pungent and  
intense.  
Along the south side rhubarb grew and currants red and  
white,  
Gooseberries green, raspberries red, and blackberries, black  
as night;

With yellow lilies at the rear and roses at the fore,  
A lovely spot, yet not so dear as the grass-pink walk to the  
old front door.

There went along the grass-pink walk for many, many years  
A varied processional of human hopes and fears.  
As brides, went Mercy and Amelia beside their chosen swains,  
Their children there played up and down, and slowly funeral  
trains  
Passed out the swinging gate. Wanderers from the West,  
sailors home from sea  
Came up the walk, all welcome guests, — the parson, asked  
to tea; —  
Alas! not all the family lore can I remember to restore  
To the long ago grass-pink walk that ran to the old front  
door.

## To ———

Oh, lovers of a garden,  
How many of you know  
The manual actuality  
Of making plantings grow?

How many of you looking  
At a garden made,  
Know the poetry of raking,  
The ecstasy of weeding,  
The epic of the spade?

When you are garden-conscious,  
Is it mainly merely talk,  
Or do you know your plants and soil  
From contact close and bended toil  
With mulching hoe and spading fork?

## **Rhodora** (*Rhododendron Canadense*)

Emerson loved the Rhodora, and wrote its praise,  
Thoreau well knew where it grew and all its ways.  
The very mention of its name recalls Old Concord days.

## **Azaleas at Sandwich**

From the Carolinas bringing  
    their banners of the dawn, —  
From Europe and the Orient  
    effulgently reborn, —  
With color conquering they come  
    across unfriendly seas,  
And find their true abiding place  
    on Dexter hills and leas.

When, with a wield of magic  
    from out both heart and hand,  
Their master called for beauty,  
    in answering his demand,  
They have flamed the Sandwich hills,  
    on the slopes, along the dales,  
They have touched the heights with splendor  
    and memorialized the vales.

## **Wallflower**

If something of the violet, more of the unknown,  
A fragrance unique, exquisitely its own,  
A gift of long lost odors distilled by winter's cold,  
Sweetness of Elysium in springday tips of gold.

## Mountain Laurel

*(Kalmia Latifolia)*

In old Sandwich, near Shawme Lake,  
the laurel blooms.  
On Signal Mountain, over Chattanooga,  
the laurel blooms.  
Through all the Carolina sapphire country,  
At Natural Bridge in Old Virginia,  
At Harper's Ferry, and up and down  
And all along the Shenandoah Valley  
the laurel blooms.  
In the Berkshires, and on the hillsides  
Of many, many other places  
the laurel blooms.  
In each and all of these I would be  
when the laurel blooms.

## Rhododendrons

Princesses of highest lineage  
Must many winterings wait,  
Before the regal entering  
Into their great estate.  
  
At last, the royal princesses  
Crowned, in robes of state,  
For the glory of their birthright,  
Hold, in June, a gorgeous fête.

## **Gold Star** (*Bartonia Aurea*)

What a glossy face of bright yellow  
For such an early wee fellow!  
To match this beguiling smile  
Buttercup will have to wake up!

## **Purple Leaf Plum** (*Prunus Pissardi*)

Today, pink pearls upon a purple robe she wears;  
Tomorrow, every bud will bloom a fragrant star.  
Each promise of May, in summer, a jewel bears  
Of purple fruit. All beautiful, her seasons are.

## **Kerria**

Early gold! Flower of gold!  
Beware that miser May,  
Who has wealth of bloom untold,  
And yet insists that you unfold  
Your stores of gold, yes, all you hold,  
Until you bloom it all away.

## **Pentstemon**

I wonder if a magic tale this frail flowering tells  
With each charming chime of its florid coral bells!

## **Iceland Poppy** (*Papaver Nudicaule*)

An orange Iceland Poppy in my garden grew,  
Always glowing sunshine through and through,  
With such unusual and compelling power,  
It stole attention from every other flower.  
Its corner of the garden blazed with light,  
In comparison to other blooms as day to night!  
I tried to look away, but from the corner of my eye  
I could feel it dominating garden, earth and sky!  
It bloomed and bloomed, until it bloomed to death,  
Perpetuating orange fire until its latest breath!  
I was not wholly sorry to have it pass away  
For now I have a chance to note each humbler display.

## **A Shirley Poppy**

A bit of crumpled pink  
Has caught upon a stem.  
Such loveliness! Don't wink,  
Nor speak, nor breathe, for when  
The wind, with gentlest wing,  
Shall touch this gem in play,  
A quaint, sweet melody will spring  
Into the far away!



## Mirror Pool

This is the dell envisioned, in the vale envined;  
Around its mirrored heart all beauty is entwined!

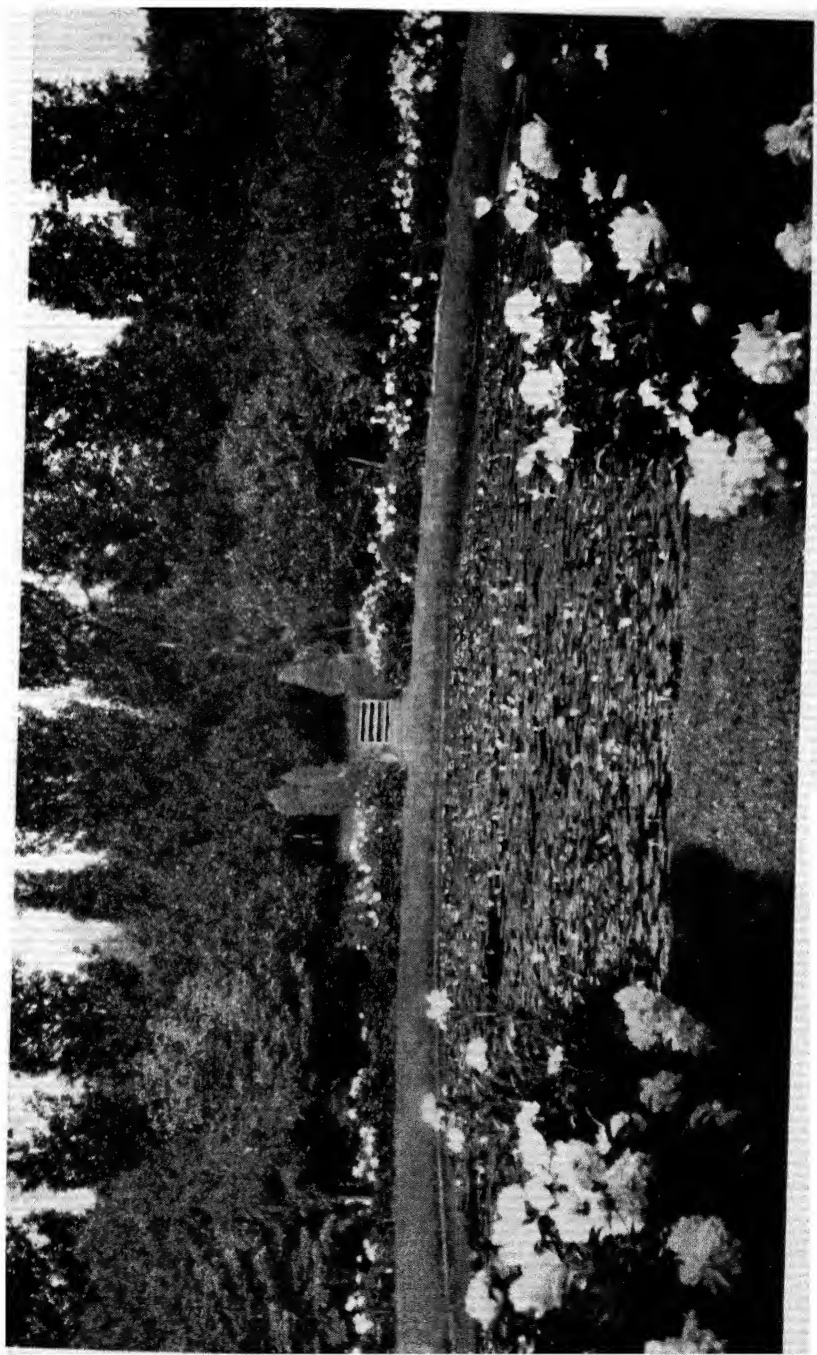
A garden ecstatic with the awakening of spring  
When the graceful giant willow is brightly yellowing,  
And the cherries of Japan in a cloud-like rosy glow  
Are bowing to the sky above and bending to the pool below.

While the winsome crabs are budding and every hour of day  
The dogwoods and magnolias their pink and white display,  
The perennial processional of flowering begins,  
And each in turn at Mirror Pool, its place of beauty wins.

Suddenly the snowdrops! Everywhere the squills!  
Then the borders are alive with fervid daffodils!  
Mertensias for gentleness, while tulips flaunt and flame,  
And columbines their dainty entrancingness proclaim!

From the warming earth, beneath the blooming tree,  
Rise the lilies, delphinium, and the fleur-de-lis,  
Anchusa, and other flowerings of summer and of fall, —  
From time to time the placid mirror receives and gives them  
all!

Yet this charming dale, that magic walls enclose  
With aspiring honeysuckle, wistaria and rose,  
Only when the glowing glorious peonies appear,  
Attains the sublimation of its garden year.



MIRROR POOL



Then does this dell, envisioned by a master mind,  
Around its mirrored heart its greatest beauty find!

Although a genius planned its charm and grace,  
Its perennial beauty springs like magic from the soil,  
Because the gracious presiding goddess of the place  
With loyal heart, applies herself to toil!

## **Yellow Rose**

Rememberest thou, from long ago,  
The wondrous gold of Ophir's glow?

Is fragrance your despairing sigh  
Because the sun smites you and you die?

Dear flower, I'll whisper, ere you go,  
Why, all my life, I've loved you so.

I dreamed that beauty, ere she fled,  
For your fair dower her mantle shed!

## **Since Adam**

Child, not alone in planting seed —  
'Tis caring every hour.  
When loving much, you will succeed  
With plant and fruit and flower!

## Painted Daisies

*(Pyrethrum)*

This glowing crimson daisy, that is borne aloft  
With stately elegance and grace  
From a feathery font of foliage,  
Is the brunette of an interesting race.

There are sisters of pink, both bright and soft,  
And one a true albino white.  
It is not right to call them painted daisies,  
For with true self tints they are alight.

## Honeysuckle

*(Lonicera Japonica)*

Long since deserted, with the forest overgrown,  
This was once a home with children playing on the floor,  
And honeysuckle climbing by the door.  
All signs of human living, of loving and of giving  
Are vanished evermore, save one, the vine that bore  
Its fragrance on the trellis by the door  
Now meagerly is managing to twine an old decrepit pine.  
This is the only shred of sweetness that is left,  
After drought of summer and bitterness of winter,  
Of other signs of happiness the homestead is bereft.  
While this ancient vine the seasons can survive  
It will be visited by the dearest mite alive;  
For the wee, wise Humming-bird knows  
Where all the lonely honeysuckle grows.

## **Hawthorn**

*(Craetaegus)*

Whether the hawthorns bloom in June  
or on the last of May,  
They bear upon their boughs the honors  
of a perfect day.  
The white spreads like a soft, sweet  
moonlight night  
And pink is dawn that drives  
all clouds away,  
But crimson glows with such  
intensive light,  
It is a noon of splendor, or a sunset  
of delight.

## **Baby Blue Eyes**

*(Nemophila)*

Cool  
As a pool of silver light,  
Clear  
As the tear of a child,  
True  
As the blue of evening sky,  
Bright  
As the light of dawn,  
Wise  
Baby eyes, baby blue eyes!

## **Cups of Canterbury** (*Campanula*)

How came these cups of royal mien,  
In pink and purple tints  
Of silken sheen?  
Did Jove such jewel bowls of nectar sip  
But once, and cast aside?  
The thoughts I reared through years of pain,  
These noble outcasts now have caught  
And rearranged in joy and pride,  
They splendidly acclaim  
The alchemy of sun and dew!  
Such gorgeous furnishing fits not  
The kitchen garden of my mind!  
In my soul's Alhambra'd courts  
This glowing show of giant gems  
Shall rightly range in regal row,  
To store the sweets of fantasy  
And Beauty's overflow!

## **Wild Roses on Cape Cod**

A roadside symphony!  
Soft color and warm fragrance  
To harmonize with blue skies,  
On a theme that June  
Forever tries to improvise!

## Steps

Out of the earth a plant  
To struggle with its foes;  
To them it gives its thorns,  
To me a perfect rose!

Out of the rose, for joy,  
Fragrance, beauty and youth,  
The essence, for those who feel,  
Of life's eternal truth!

Out of the best we sense,  
Is born a brighter dream;  
Thus, beyond our knowing,  
Shines some gift supreme!

## Phacelia

Blue as the bright  
Edge of the night,  
Frail as the pale  
Light in the dale.

These are the mild  
Dreams of a child,  
Storied anew  
In deep bells of blue.

## Lilies of the Valley

Of the Lilies-of-the-valley a great deal has been said  
By Solomon and other poets, both alive and dead.  
After all that I have read, and all that I have heard,  
Do you wonder that I dare not add a single word?



## **Sweet Rocket** (*Hesperis*)

So tall!  
So white!  
So sweet!  
Should June miss  
Thee, *Hesperis*,  
No year  
Were quite  
Complete!

## **White Clover** (*Trifolium*)

No matter how or when, wherever  
it grows and blooms,  
Beauty a place has won  
With this, the most definitely delightful  
and appropriate creation  
Known beneath the sun.

## **Blanket Flower** (*Gaillardia*)

Comely, wholesome, kind am I.  
If you are sad, don't pass me by.  
I have a cheering, healing grace  
In my smiling, broad, sunwise face!

## **Larkspur** (*Delphinium*)

Down from the sky it fell,  
A seed with a heart so true,  
Only one tale it could tell,  
For only one tale it knew,  
But that it knew full well —  
The tale of the living blue!

With stately spires the earthly delphinium rises  
To its cerulean dream.  
After grovelling years, it for a moment realizes  
An ecstasy supreme.

For undaunted by many a night of waiting  
For day to dawn,  
With its tremendous surge of beauty freighting,  
A star is born!

I bid the noble delphinium spires to rise  
With all their might,  
Proclaiming allegiance faithful to the skies  
Ineffable light!

Delphinium is but a name  
For a flowering so true,  
That up to the sky from whence it came  
With all its strength of heart and frame,  
It ever must lift its blue!

## Rosa

It is a holy offering,  
This culture of a flower!  
The rose of yesteryear I sing,  
And of the present hour!

Time waited ere the rose began  
Until from waste and slime,  
Above the neolithic crawl,  
The rose began to climb.

It flowered unheeded by the beast,  
As then, so now to-day.  
The man who first enjoyed its scent  
Transcended common clay.

With life and growth of bloom on thorn,  
Humanity keeps pace;  
When the rose attains its perfect form,  
So will the human race.

The minstrels of the Aryan tribes,  
In civilization's dawn,  
Enthroned the rose in the loftiest place,  
Although they felt the thorn.

When Alexandria and Rome  
Went down, destroyed by fire,  
Upspringing from the smoking loam  
The rose grew on the briar.

Iberia and far Cathay,  
As records now disclose,  
Were first to patiently distill  
The attar from the rose.

Japan and other eastern isles  
Transported over seas  
Their dainty, decorated jars  
Of petal potpourries.

The old, old English Eglantine —  
The true sour-leaved sweet-briar,  
Could reach and soften maiden hearts,  
And poet pens inspire.

The sweet Provence, both white and red,  
The Musk and China Teas,  
The Bourdons and the Banksias, flowered  
To please, and still can please.

Lancasters wore the red, red rose,  
And all of York the white,  
And England plunged in bloody wars  
To find out which was right.

Thus rose became the right and badge  
Of lineage and kings,  
Established as the queen of flowers  
Of which the poet sings.

It furnished emblems without end,  
As at a death, each tear  
Is gently wiped away by a rose  
As it falls upon the bier.

The maiden who as Maytime queen  
In England was renowned,  
Was chosen for her rosiness  
And with bright roses crowned.

All happiness at once belongs  
Forever and a day,  
To the one who pure white roses bears  
Within her bride bouquet.

The thorns are ever at Satan thrust,  
Yet angels hover o'er  
The blossomed sweetness of the vine  
Beside her cottage door.

Varieties spring out each year,  
With newest tint or pose,  
Yet long as any heart can love,  
That love shall be a rose.

For it has come through ages gone  
To bloom for now and here,  
It gives to all who love it well  
A promise sweet and dear.

A promise of that perfect hour  
When flags of war are furled,  
And the emblem of a flower  
Shall humanize the world.

For life, for death, for bridal feast,  
You, rose, have played your part!  
Once badge of war, now pledge of peace,  
O, bloom in every heart!

## **Anchusa** (*Alkanet*)

When the dainty myosotis,  
On the seething springtime tossed,  
In nature's welter and commotion,  
Is weakly overcome and lost;  
Then the gentle giant anchusa,  
With a strong and sure uprise,  
Will spread its arms and open wide  
Its large forget-me-not blue eyes.

## **Golden Marguerite** (*Anthemis*)

Gems of gold  
On grey-green!  
A dancing sea  
Of intensely glowing  
Sunlight sheen!

## **Virginia Stock** (*Malcomia*)

It is not much to see or smell,  
But it proves its simple worth  
By doing what it can do well,  
Gently carpeting the earth.

## To a Cape Cod Garden

A garden that tall evergreens embrace,  
Glorious with summer's sorcery,  
Within my heart abides. The mystery  
Of night has touched it, and the grace  
Of morning has tinted every flower face.  
Dwarf beauties with becoming modesty  
Curtsy to royal dames, whose majesty  
No modern modishness can quite efface.  
Annual torches flame, biennial banners spread,  
Perennials parade their tapestries that time  
Alone can blend. When art is dead,  
And peace broods not o'er any clime;  
For Beauty's home, with all its powers  
My memory will plant old fashioned flowers.

## Candytuft (*Iberis*)

Sweet tufts of white of Candia,  
Gypsies strayed from Spain,  
Whose home is not Brittanica,  
But all Iberia's plain.  
How pleasing and adaptable  
To any soil or place,  
Always quite acceptable  
With its artless grace,  
And certainly respectable  
With such an honest face.



A CAPE COD GARDEN





## **Hawkweed**

*(Hieracium)*

It is wonderful to gaze upon  
as it openly acclaims  
Orange to the meadows  
in seething fires and flames.  
Intimately, a violet sweetness  
it ardently proclaims,  
But for the distant meadow  
it spreads its fire and flames!

## **Gilia Capita**

Up rises feathering green  
Rife with mysterious puffs.  
Watch! When summer summons  
All the little hard heads  
Overflow with lavender fluffs.

## **Leptosyne**

Musky-pungent, clean and sweet,  
Upstanding yellow crown!  
A prince without renown,  
Yet royally complete.

## **Tulip Tree** (*Liriodendron*)

A beautiful sight is a Tulip Tree  
With its shapely leafage  
    alive  
With green-blue sheen.  
Useful as White-wood, but however  
    can we  
Remember its uses and names,  
Or material claims,  
When we see it rising like an altar  
    to heaven  
Filled with a thousand candle flames!

## **Foxglove** (*Digitalis*)

Once more the nodding Foxglove  
Grows by the garden wall,  
Showily in summer time,  
Sparingly in fall.  
And, as it rises proudly,  
Old memories it stirs  
Of years of stately beauty  
By the noble Nordmann Firs.

## **Erisimum**

*(Summer Wallflower)*

Hold orange to the sun,  
Slender, self-poised, faithful one!  
You cannot bend nor bow  
Nor rest, for having taken vow,  
You have no gods but one!  
Slender- poised, love-lighted  
Vestal unrequited,  
Hold orange to the sun!

## **Calandrinia**

Out of the dust, hot and dry,  
You arise to duty.  
When there are clouds across the skies,  
You close your eyes;  
But if old Sol pours down his rays,  
You are ablaze with beauty!

## **Poppies**

Where the Shirley blossoms blend,  
All the gorgeous rainbows end!  
Where the sunset fades and dies,  
Morning fields of poppies rise!

## **Day Flower** (*Commelina*)

Trailing the ground with blue,  
Bright plats of cerulean blue,  
Like mats of enmeshing blue butterflies,  
Or bits of sky falling through  
A mirror of green. If you have not seen  
Commelina with the morning dew  
In the glancing gleam of the rising sun, you have not won  
Your flower dream of heavenly blue.

## **Whitlavia**

In these fragile purple bells  
A charming, innate mystery dwells;  
With each coming of the light,  
They fade to lavender, then white.  
So purple passions, with a sigh,  
Pale to purity and die.

## **Hens and Chickens** (*Echiveria Seconda*)

Oh, the dickens! Look at these things,  
Perking, poking all around!  
Cheerful, chubby hens-and-chickens  
Crowding, covering the ground!

## **Cosmidium**

There never were joy clowns  
more smiling and bold:  
There never were toy crowns  
more crimson and gold!  
For each little toy crown  
is brimming with sun,  
And each little joy clown  
is beaming with fun.

## **Annual Anchusa**

When it was new,  
Each tip was a bit of the green of the earth  
And the blue  
Of the sky. In midsummer it grew  
To a great, high fountain of green, tipping and dripping  
With its blue!

## **White Lupins**

Beneath cathedraled evergreens,  
Far down the long delphinium aisles,  
The pearly-lighted candelabras  
Upon the altar of the garden shine.

## Golden Marguerites (*Anthemis*)

I have seen the mists of morning  
    Rimming rose along the day,  
And the pearly clouds adorning  
    The festival of wind at play.

I have seen the gorgeous languor  
    Of a sunset on the height,  
And a tossing sea with anger  
    Rise against the purpling night.

I have seen the open vistas  
    Of the noble untrod plain,  
And the slowly seething sunlight  
    On a field of golden grain.

In the forest, on the mountain,  
    In the valley or the dell,  
There are moments no recounting  
    Can reproduce the spell.

Among the many scenes I treasure  
Where the sun shines fullest measure,  
One, in my memory shall retain,  
For the vision comes again, and once more greets  
A far and wide wind-rippled plain  
Of glowing golden marguerites.



GOLDEN MARGUERITES





## **Sweet Alyssum** (*Koeniga*)

A misty cloud of white and green  
Is sermonizing summer's theme,  
From a text of seed banked under snow;  
Wisdom that winter alone can know,  
And only on summer can ever bestow.

## **Giant Sultan** (*Centaurea Americana*)

Strongly tripodded upward,  
Silvery-flagreed flagon of green!  
Prepared for the musical reed of dawning,  
I saw you, fair flagon, robed in regal mode,  
Waiting, until to some expected thrill of morning,  
Wonderfully you flared with white and overflowed!

## **Baby's Breath** (*Gypsophila*)

A ripple,  
    A rhythm of white,  
An illusion,  
    A myth,  
A bright, fair confusion  
    Of light!  
Is it a flower,  
    Or a sprite?

## Japanese Bellflower

(*Platycodon*)

A nomad from Nippon,  
Budding with balloons,  
Delicately veined  
Blue and white balloons.  
Blooming cup-like stars,  
Celestial star-like blooms,  
Mystic avatars  
Of sultry summer noons.

## Water Lily

(*Nymphaea*)

A lone and lovely water-lily  
Enhanced a silent pool,  
Remote from the heated highway  
Sequestered, fair and cool.

Only the deer to enjoy it,  
Mayhap with unheeding eye,  
Of a fox that lapped the water,  
Or a partridge drumming by.

Yet serene in its regal beauty,  
It lived to the utmost alone,  
Pledged to its sacred duty  
Of loveliness, all unknown.

## **Browallia**

All over blue, blue, blue!  
Beautiful, bright and true!  
I'm glad you are named for your finder and lover,  
The Bishop of Aboo.  
The good Browallius certainly knew  
He was giving the world  
A treasure in you!

## **Milfoil**

*(Achillea)*

Button-bits, white and pearly bright,  
Why do you often dull your light,  
And hold your face in dark disgrace?  
Is it to hide your great delight  
In living? Do not despise  
Yourself from generous giving!

## **Calliopsis**

*(Dwarf Tiger Star)*

Crimson, jewelled with yellow!  
Or golden, splashed with brown!  
Did ever a gayer wee fellow  
Wear a jollier bit of a crown?

## Nemesia

To every winsome shade 'tis bred,  
Rose, white and straw, pale blue and red.  
Tousled tints of sun and wind,  
Flower delights for Jenny Lind.  
I would that she were here to-day  
To gather in her charming way  
All these bright-enticing, gay  
Color wisps for her bouquet.

## Violet Cress

*(Ionopsidium Acaule)*

Behold the tiniest atom of a flower,  
Made to grace Titania's fairy bower!  
Between the stepping stones these mites will glow  
Like shyly shimmering stars, and they will show  
Where to step: for who so base could in the world be found  
As would dare to tread on stars, upspringing from the  
ground?

## Dumbcane

*(Dieffenbachia)*

Dieffenbachia is broadly minded, is seen  
growing strongly left and right,  
Its generous foliage is quite irregularly green  
and blotched irregularly white!

## Prickly Poppy

(*Argemone*)

If you see bits of silk,  
White as milk,  
Impaled among the thorns;  
Each is a party gown  
That usually adorns  
Little leprechauns.  
It is sure to be a clue  
To a rite last night,  
An entrancing ado.  
At their dance, every sprite,  
Every pixie, every nixie  
Was dampened with the dew.  
So at the dimmest dawn  
Every filmy gown was hung  
To dry out in the sun.  
And the while,  
Every tiny fairy,  
Wearing just a smile,  
And feeling somewhat airy,  
Up and did as she was bid  
By the Queen, and each one hid  
Behind the leafy sheen  
Of the glossy green  
Argemone.

## I Know a Garden

I know a garden hidden from the street,  
Where bees and butterflies are busy all the day;  
A human haven, and a safe retreat  
From every noisy, worldly, weary way.

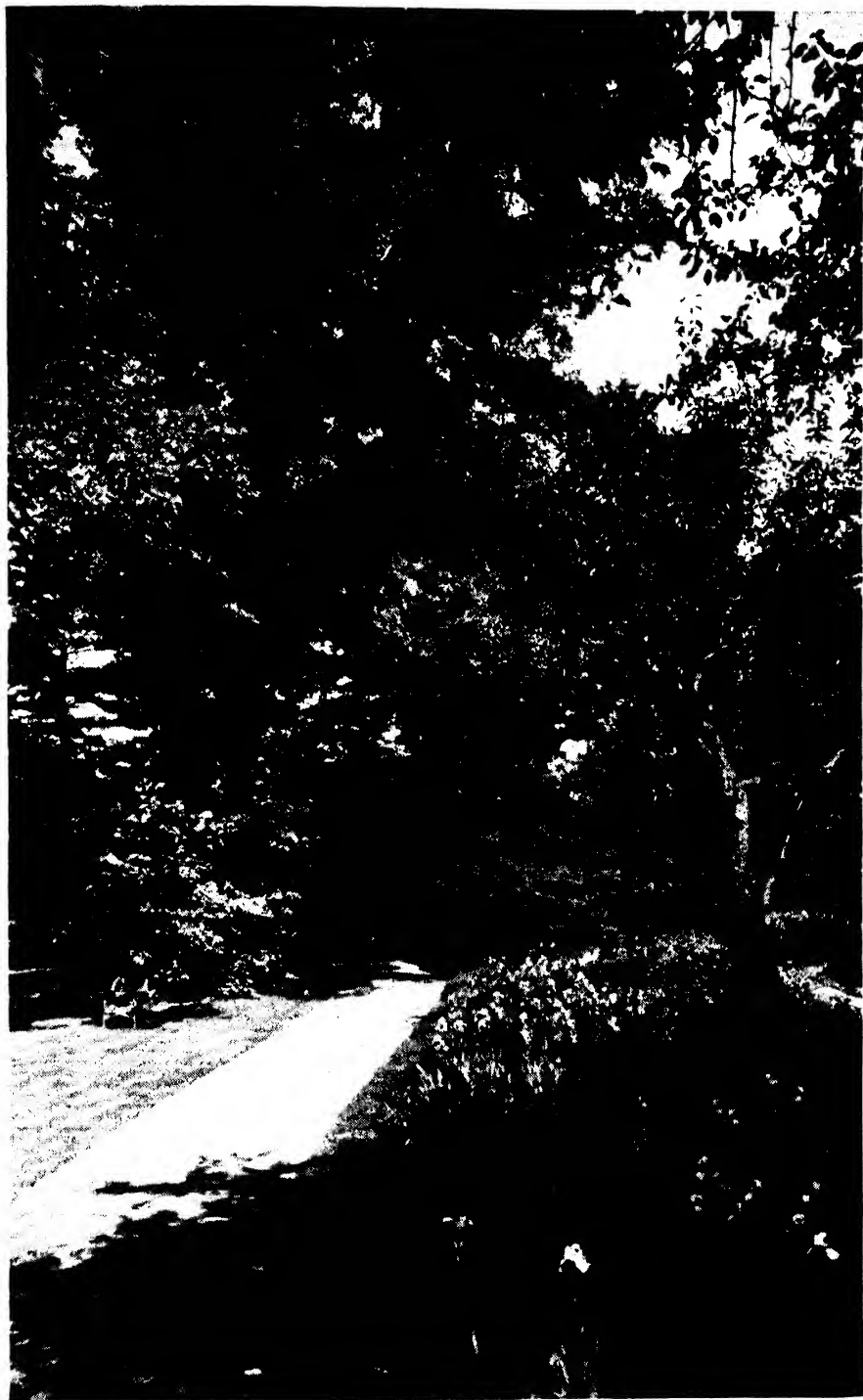
Here in the silent evening, visions of the past  
Rise with the sweet odors of the flowers!  
And ideals of the poets framed to last,  
Are born among these peaceful bowers.

The world goes on its own mad pace,  
While a new world stirs to beauty here;  
A gentler, fairer, stronger race,  
Whose hands are clean, whose eyes are clear.

No shame of futile conquest pushed by pride,  
Or wicked wars that self-sick nations rage:  
All visions here in perfect promise ride  
To favored lands where love's the only gauge.

Returns translated each pure angel face  
That long eluded the rough hearts of men;  
In sweet simplicity and fulsome grace  
Shall flower the faith but dreamed of then.

This garden has no message for the crowd,  
Whose course demands sensation more and more;  
But here the one who dares not speak aloud  
His sacred thoughts, may rest and soar.



I KNOW A GARDEN





## **Bee Balm   Oswego Tea**

*(Monardia)*

Bee-balm, no harm  
Or note of false alarm  
Is in your crown of red,  
But a glowing charm instead!

Pungent, bright Oswego Tea!  
For man and bee,  
Your charm, Bee-balm,  
Has beauty's bounty spread!

## **Cleome**

Attention!  
Vassals of the sun!  
Your time has come!  
In phalanx fierce and bold  
Like brave plumed knights of old,  
You stand! The sun assures!  
The hour, the day is yours!  
All foes that show upon the field  
Shall to your super-sapience yield!  
Attention!  
Vassals of the sun!  
The battle now is done,  
And without a sword or gun  
The peace of beauty won!

## White Petunias by Moonlight

Queen Moon, I know your land!

With a vesper candle in each hand,  
A million vestals offer pure affection  
To the shining Queen-of-Night's perfection!

Queen Moon, I know your land!

'Tis where sweet incense of an adoring band  
Arises, while in each upturned pure white face,  
A moon-dream gleams with gentlest grace!

## Nasturtiums (*Tropaeolum Major*)

I like Nasturtiums!

Sunny, wholesome, pungent-sweet,  
With any flower of field or bower  
They can compete.

They never fail to climb or trail  
As we may wish;

And when one needs, the tender seeds  
Are a tasty dish.

They grow and grow, and bravely show  
Their sun-bright faces.

To them I raise the fullest praise  
For their many graces.

## Arctotis

With dainty charm and elegance  
From root to petal tips,  
You rise, star of the morning with perfect adorning!  
If you cannot keep  
Your head erect, while the lazy, hazy  
August afternoon slips,  
You simply grace your curls  
Around your face for beauty sleep!  
And when the chill of death  
From other flowers their beauty clips,  
Your living lavender breathes eloquence  
That never was from lips!

## Night Scented Stock

*(Matthiola Bicornis)*

This straggling, weed-like fright  
forlorn and dingy grey,  
Becomes an illustrious prince at night,  
after its pauper day.  
The moment of utter darkness brings  
to this lifeless seeming stem  
An awakening, and aloft it flings  
a glowing diadem  
That pours a wealth of fragrance  
into the waiting night,  
A pungent, pulsing ecstasy  
of rich delight!

## **Lavender Lace Flower**

*(Didiscus)*

Victorian this flower,  
Displaying every hour  
Perfect poise and breeding.  
The common crowd unheeding,  
In lavender and lace,  
It takes distinguished place,  
And only deigns to please  
Exclusive bees with pedigrees.

## **Cloud Grass**

*(Agrostis Nebulosa)*

A myriad of gleaming golden dots  
Is floating in a dreamy mist of gold;  
Like shreds of sunshine tied in tiny knots,  
That drifting rifts of radiance enfold.

## **Balsam**

*(Impatiens)*

The Balsams of the garden  
Are generous of gorgeousness, in colors by the dozens;  
But, for daintiness and charm,  
Give me their wild Touch-me-not, Jewel-weed cousins!  
When some distinctive flower,  
Especially cherished, has pined away and perished,  
The Balsams of the garden  
Will fill the vacant place with colorful but awkward grace.

## **Snow on the Mountain** (*Euphorbia Variegata*)

A toss of feathered green  
Splashed with silver,  
Euphorbia!

Waves across a sandbar  
Flecked with foam!  
Snow on the Mountain  
For the festival of summer,  
Euphorbia!  
A charm in sheen  
Of white and green,  
Euphorbia!

## **Nolana Paradoxa**

Always in its youth, Nolana,  
In its own peculiar manner,  
Enacts a mystic melodrama.  
While we are watching the thin linear sheaves  
Breaking the ground and growing apace;  
Suddenly they are no more and in their place  
Arises a vine with heart-fashioned leaves  
Casually trailing with listless grace,  
Bountifully bearing mellow blue trumpets,  
Throated with yellow,  
Devoted to beauty!

## Snapdragon (*Antirrhinum*)

These gentle princesses in their robes of state,  
It is impossible to overrate,  
And their intrinsic worth to even estimate.  
And whether in the garden or the coldframe made to grow,  
Or in the greenhouse, they are princesses, and we know  
They hold their own right royal place in every flower show.  
They are always fair and good to look upon,  
Of a gentle beauty, to subtle variation born,  
That every tint and shade their features may adorn.

Sometimes arrayed in color deep as night,  
Or soft as summer, or as pure as light;  
Of each delight, I know not which to praise the most,  
I commend them all, as I enumerate the host: —

Pure white and cream, buff, yellow and canary,  
Pale apricot, tawny, henna, orange, cherry,  
Clear flesh, pink and rose, chamois, ruddy, ruby,  
Carmine and crimson, Indian, scarlet, coral,  
Plum bloom, bronze and purple, mauve, maroon;  
And every pastel shade, to grade from ebony to alabaster!

This is not nearly all, for every tint and shade  
May be merely of itself abundantly displayed,  
Or hooded, lipped, overlapped or interlaid  
With every other overtint or undershade!

## **Mallows**

*(Hibiscus Roseus)*

Incredible washes of white, like pastel portraits  
    of waxing moons,  
Contrasted with pools of ripe pomegranate, tropical  
    as Mexican noons,  
And soft concordant plashings of pink, fresh  
    and fair as the morn:—  
Such marvelous comprehensions of flowering  
    to only the Mallows belong!

## **Astilbe Japonica Magnifica**

I am always astonished when I see  
    you, Astilbe,  
Rearing the proud aesthetic plume,  
    that, I assume,  
Is your expression of a desire  
    to ever higher  
Lift the banner of your right  
    to fullest light!



## **Day Lily** *(Hemerocallis)*

Yellow—Hemerocallis  
Orange—Hemerocallis  
Double—Hemerocallis

Flava—June  
Major—July  
Fulva—August

We think of Dante, Beatrice and Florence  
    in the month of June,  
When the lemon lilies of Hemerocallis  
    are in bloom.  
When midsummer boasts of orange daily  
    splash the plain,  
We dream of the Alhambra, reared  
    by the Moors of Spain.  
When the tall, tawny, double blossoms  
    offer their display,  
We remember all the glories  
    of the long ago Cathay.

## **Double Day Lilies** *(Each year in August)*

Again the lilies of Hemerocallis  
    are in bloom,  
Stately, tall and tawny queens  
    of afternoon,  
Ruling over all the yellow, orange,  
    scarlet and maroon,  
Their tossing tresses overflowing  
    with the burning noon.

## **African Lily** (*Agapanthus*)

Agapanthus of the Nile,  
Fair in blue,  
I am Egyptian all the while  
I am with you!  
Golden barge, silver sail,  
And a gleam  
Of the Lily of the Nile,  
I will dream  
Of Cleopatra and her smile,  
Agapanthus, all the while  
I am with you!

## **Amazon Lily** (*Eucharis*)

Lily of the Amazon,  
Robed in regal white,  
Proclaiming all the fragrance  
Of the tropic night;  
You are the Queen of lilies,  
The Juno of the bower,  
In all this world of blossoms  
You are the perfect flower!

## **Lillium Brownii**

Year after year it arose,  
    filling the same corner space,  
A velvety deep brown bell  
    showing a lily white face;  
Ever bestowing rich fragrance  
    as its blooming season came:  
Now that at last, it is dead,  
    the years are never the same.

## **Lillium Auratum**

I know no more illustrious queen  
Than the lily with the golden band.  
She holds the full insignia of beauty  
For all her native land!  
If welcomed and established  
In any alien strand,  
All who see will bend the knee  
To her august command!

## **White Day Lily** *(Funkia Cordata)*

Plantain Lily is orderly,  
    True, composed and sweet,  
In all its ways, on all its days,  
    Conspicuously neat.

## **"Jewels of the Veldt"**

*(Ursinia Anethoides)*

For the royal feast of summer's fun

There are many glowing cups to hold

The nectar for His Majesty, the Sun!

From all the host he seems to choose the one

Fashioned of rich orange gold,

Inner-burnished deeply with a ruby belt,

Overlaid with tiny "Jewels of the Veldt"!

## **Windflower**

*(Anemone)*

The moon fills my soul

With clear flowing light;

A star lends its heart

To make mine bright.

I take my fine breeding

From good mother earth;

But the wind is my teacher

In dancing and mirth!

## **Chimney Bells**

*(Campanula Pyramidallis)*

From the earth these marvels spring  
In white enchanting spells,  
Till all around, above me swing  
The stately Chimney-bells.

Like myriads of silver stars,  
Transplanted from the night,  
And ranged in rows on emerald bars,  
To give the soul delight.

As twilight on the garden falls,  
All sounds of striving cease;  
Each Bell-of-Canterbury calls  
An Angelus of peace.

## **Double Pink Godetia**

Swathed in modest green,  
Wind twisted,  
Upward caparisoned  
With lacy fluffs of pink;  
What was formerly the humble hearted Satin-flower  
Is now transformed into that exquisitely gowned  
Dresden Shepherdess,  
My lovely Lady Godetia!

*The  
Chimney*



*Bells*



## Garden Moments

A new creation seems arising  
    at each birth-time of the morn,  
When a robin, then more robins  
    prophesy the day in song.

I recall a springtime wonder  
    when Virginia Cowslips vie  
With scyllas and violas,  
    to signature the open sky.

There comes a marvel in the hedgerows  
    at the honeysuckle hour,  
When a tiny Ruby-throated, poising,  
    darts from flower to flower.

In midsummer's moonlight garden, the blooms  
    that made the noontide bright,  
Are clothed in shimmering fragility,  
    in the ghostly silvery light.

There is a picture of a primrose opening  
    the memory would keep,  
Of a tiny rose and yellow moth  
    within its satin walls asleep.



If all the garden year was limited  
to the measure of an hour,  
I would choose to see and hear a yellow finch  
untreasure one sun flower.

We know the time of twilight vespers  
from twittering birds and sighing trees  
And the noontide passionate praise of honey  
from a billion busy bees.  
We feel a multitude of moments missed  
as wonderful as these.

Sometimes the garden hushes  
and every ancient whispering is still,  
As if the earth was waiting, listening  
for the Master Gardener's will.

## **Rumex**

"A field of sorrel is an eyesore!"  
this is the farmer's cry.  
To appreciate its beauty one must see it  
with an artist's eye,  
Spreading its transcendent depths of red  
beneath the sunset sky.

## Sanvitalia

Little gold buttons all over the lot,  
Each a toy sun with a black sun-spot!  
Little toy suns that nest on the earth!  
Little gold button buds just after birth!  
Tiny suns, translated to buttons, beguile  
Tiny buttons that beam with a sunshiny smile!  
Little buttons of gold that dropped one by one  
With a buttonful of shine from the big button sun!

## Leptosiphon

Tid-bits of tints,  
    Gem shimmer and gloss;  
Tiny poppies, like stars,  
    Enamelled in moss!  
If the queen of the fairies  
    Should throne in this place,  
These tint-bits would furnish her  
    Tinsel and lace!

## Sweet Sultan (*Centaurea Imperialis*)

White Ottoman cushions abloom are these,  
With harem honey for Sultan bees.

## Blue and White Viscaria

Little moons,  
Many moons,  
White moons  
And blue:  
A thousand score  
And more, and more!  
Can I be dreaming true?  
In the garden,  
In the daytime,  
Pulsing white  
And blue;  
I see full moons  
Of dainty blooms.  
I must be dreaming true.

## Satin Flower

*(Salpiglossis)*

All spangled in gold,  
In gay colored dresses,  
Bright revels you hold,  
All spangled in gold!  
The swain must be bold  
Who would pay you addresses,  
All spangled in gold,  
In gay colored dresses!

## Japanese Olive

(*Elaeagnus Longipes*)

In late winter, its twigs and buds  
    have little gold dots all over.  
In real spring, its tiny sweet flowers  
    have little gold dots all over.  
Just after midsummer, the crimson fruit  
    is dotted with gold all over.  
And always the leaves from spring to fall  
    are spotted with gold all over.  
As if the industrious Japanese  
Were forever dotting and spotting these all over.

## Zinnias

I like Zinnias, but they never seem  
    to touch my heart.  
I am pleased that in the garden so well  
    they play their part.  
I am delighted with their agreeable  
    and sturdy cheer.  
I feel that they are wonderful, yet  
    never simply dear.  
I like Zinnias and their merry colors,  
    bright as bright can be.  
I am very fond of Zinnias, yet, somehow,  
    they are speechless to me.

## Plume Celosia

Celosia! Featherings of flame!  
Beside your crested glow  
Pigments of art are tame!  
The brightest flowerings we know,  
The foliage of autumn's show,  
The bird of tropic fame,  
All art put to shame  
By your vivid glow!

The temple of Solomon  
Is nothing but a name;  
Of the glory of the Aztecs,  
Only hints remain;  
Colorful courts of China,  
Of many a Persian reign:  
All memories of shadows  
Beside your living flame!

## Summer Hyacinth (*Galtonia*)

In the midst of midsummer's  
frivolity and sport,  
The White Queen *Galtonia*  
holds her royal court.  
Her ladies cluster round her  
by the garden wall,  
Belles of the flower kingdom,  
dignified and tall.

## Tagetes

(Miniature Marigold)

Stars of the morning  
In greenery tethered,  
The border adorning!  
Tagetes! Tagetes!  
With pleasure unmeasured  
Your quaintness I've treasured!  
I'm down on my knees  
To you, Tagetes!

## Lantana

These orange flame-fired exotics,  
touched with a sadder, shadowy tint,  
Of the gorgeous but treacherous tropics  
seem wistfully ever to hint;  
As if, while endeavoring to offer their best,  
they ever had vain regrets  
For a land with the utmost sunshine blest,  
and neighbors like lizards and paroquets.

## Gaura

    k edged sails of white,  
Poised for aeroflight!  
    Like tethered butterflies,  
    They never can arise.  
Yet egering upward from the earth,  
In spite of stemlets holding tight,  
    Each tiny bloom may realize  
A little more of light.

## Hunnemannia

Drink from these tall-stemmed, yellow cups  
The clear, calm light of a cool twilight.  
This nectar is beauty, fair, pure, and clean,  
A taste uncloying and serene.

## Blue Salvia

(*Farinaceae*)

Such a stately, glowing, regal spray,  
    I cannot pick for any merely pretty Miss;  
But should a Queen, in sumptuous court array  
    Seek flower sceptre, I'll give her this.

## Portulacca

The drab earth spaciouly is spread  
With carpets prismatic from Bagdad,  
Egypt, Afghanistan and Spain,  
As King Sol holds chromatic high carnival.  
Unused to such an ultra mad mêlée,  
The garden gasps at the garish glories  
Of clashing kaleidoscopic cups  
Filled with the splendor of crude joy,  
Fitted to feast a fiesta of fiery footed pixies  
Intoxicated with color, jazzing to the sun!

## Four-O-Clock

*(Mirabilis)*

'Tis Four-o-clock! 'Tis Four-o-clock!  
The sundial's always true,  
And all the buds are opening now  
Of the Marvel-of-Peru.  
Each bud at Three is tightly closed  
As with a prison lock,  
The petals cannot be disclosed  
Until quite Four-o-clock.  
The trumpets open on the hour,  
Crimson, yellow, pied and white,  
Moth-lures pouring perfume's power  
Through the mellow summer night.



## Messages from My Garden

From my garden in the morning,  
Comes the rustle of the corn;  
Falls the pollen from the tassels  
When the silken ears are born;  
And I hear the harvest whisper: —  
"I grow larger night and day,  
For the starving and the needy,  
Near at hand or far away."

From my garden in the morning,  
Smile the roses red and white;  
Lures the honeysuckle sweetness,  
Errant humming birds in flight;  
And I hear soft voices calling; —  
"Come and worship, here and now,  
While the God who gives you beauty  
Seals this peace upon your brow!"

From my garden in the morning,  
Where the spruces dark and high  
Hold their fingers up to heaven,  
I can hear a murmuring sigh; —  
"Stand we, garden guardians faithful,  
While all seasons we employ  
To be ever green and graceful,  
For the increase of your joy."



GARDEN MOMENTS



In my garden in the morning,  
When the birds are on the wing,  
Thoughts with peace and plenty laden,  
Messages so cheering bring; —  
"Winter cannot change the prospect;  
Always joy will follow strife!"  
So my garden in the morning,  
Sings to me the song of life!

## For Flora's Evening Stroll

I've asked the fireflies for their glows,  
As long this path she tipsy-toes;  
I've dared the dew to keep away,  
Till after she has passed this way,  
Along the hedge-rose rows!

This life is like an April day; a little rain,  
A little sun:  
And while we work, or while we play, we feel full  
Hopes  
Of joys to come!

Little maiden, would you know  
All the message of a flower;  
Tend it, love it, watch it grow  
In sunshine and in shower!

## **Love-in-a-Mist**

*(Nigella)*

Cupid was lost in the rain,  
Had the road to Olympus missed;  
He fell, but rose again and again,  
Yet Morpheus he could not resist.

They found him asleep in the grass,  
His cheeks by raindrops kissed;  
They bore him aloft to Elysium, alas,  
Poor little Love-in-a-Mist!

That all might remember his face,  
And his beauty forever persist,  
The gods gave a flower, that with daintiest grace  
Tells of little lost Love-in-a-Mist!

## **Cypress Vine**

*(Quamoclit)*

A thousand red, red trumpets,  
from morn till day is done,  
Are fanfaring and declaring  
allegiance to the sun.  
A music not for humans,  
yet we know the sun can hear  
And has returned felicitations,  
when his gifts of seeds appear!

## Canary-Bird Flower (*Tropaeolum Peregrinum*)

It perches on a tender spray!  
It poises and begins to sway!  
Fly away, Canary-bird! Fly away!  
    Why linger and repine?  
        You are free!  
        Ah, I see!  
    Firmly held by parent vine,  
Here you have your little day,  
In your birthplace you must stay!  
Canary-bird, you can never fly away!

## Bryonopsis

All summer long, you upward flow,  
    into a verdant dream,  
And little knots of yellow show  
Here and there, that faintly glow  
    like elf lights on a stream!

As summer days full quickly go,  
    they linger for a gleam  
Of dainty little gourds that grow  
To travelling kits all packed to show  
    the highway to a dream!

## Heavenly Blue Ipomoea

Long have we waited, waited for you,  
Until with one glad cry,  
We have known delight as new  
As creation's first born blue  
In Eden's morning sky!

## Moonflower (*Calonyction*)

Pagodas of silvery light  
are enmeshed in jade-like shadows,  
while the monocle moon  
placidates the earthways.  
Mists, in little wisps of weariness,  
torment the blue to violet  
and orchidize the night.  
This is the fragrant motive hour  
of the enchanting lunar flower.

## Cobaea Scandens

Cobaea vined and twined and greatly grew,  
As all the long, long summer, it upped and upped.  
And just before the gales of winter blew,  
Purpling generously, it cupped and cupped!

## Scarlet Runner Bean

(*Phaseolus*)

On sultry nights,  
With rapid, unheard footsteps,  
Occur the untaught flights  
Of the green robed lasses.  
Upward they climb  
In clinging masses,  
And twine their winding arms  
For still higher reaches.  
The dew coolly alarms  
The boisterous wind beseeches,  
But the vines unheedingly aspire  
And never tire,  
For they ardently desire  
To rise ever, ever higher!

At the first fire  
Of the sun, each one,  
Remembering its worth  
And royal manners,  
Spreads its deep rich scarlet banners.  
The approving sun smiles at the earth,  
Thus christening at its birth  
Each mottled bean of purple mien.  
So one cycle of the scarlet runner  
Ends with the passing of summer.



## **Egyptian Bean** (*Dolichos*)

That the *Dolichos* is ancient  
no culturist denies,  
Who has ever watched it  
climb toward the skies,  
While it filled with purple  
Egyptian butterflies!

## **Melothria Punctata Pilogyne Suavis Zehneria**

In name, *Melothria Punctata*  
Is something of a martyr.  
To be a vine and climb and twine  
Would certainly agree with any *Cucurbiticeae*;  
And in no way make it feel inferior  
To be classified by some as *Zehneria*.  
It never mattered much to it, that, for a time,  
To horticulturists it was a *Pilogyne*.  
The *Suavis* I have purposely omitted,  
And other dubbings are not here permitted.  
If, on its name, the wise cannot agree,  
I certainly consider it is left to me.  
So, its beauty and its fragrance  
I always will acclaim,  
And questioned, call it: "Musk-vine,"  
By its common name.

## **Ampelopsis** *(Heterophylla)*

How these attractive turquoise berries  
showily shine  
Above the deeply lobed and lustrous leafage  
of the ampelopsis vine!  
They cluster like diminutive waxy eyes  
of porcelain blue  
Moulded from vivid Venetian skies,  
fragmented through  
The processes of time and space  
to find congenial resting place  
Upon the sunset-tinted foliage  
of the ampelopsis vine,  
Where they repose as turquoise jewels,  
cool and crystalline.

## **Celastrus** *(Bitter Sweet)*

To see it sprawl  
All over the wall,  
In the later fall,  
Is to be held in thrall  
By its show of seed  
In jewel-like clusters,  
And to take due heed  
How aptly it musters  
Its garish, glowing gushes  
Of tawny and orange  
To a meritorious meed.

## **Fleece Vine** (*Polygonum Auberti*)

The Fleece-vine rises, loops and laces  
Over crevices, and covers spaces  
Gracefully, gently, with a touch so light,  
It never obtrudes, and barely is seen,  
Until its tiny tossing tendrils of green  
Become drooping, bright pennants of white.

The Fleece-vine wanders, and ever it finds  
New footholds, while week after week it binds  
Waving festoons and flourishes banners of light.  
'Tis a fountain of beauty in the rain and the mist,  
A rosy cloud by the noon sun kissed,  
And under the moon a wraith of the night.

After the frost, its seed-chains and curls  
Are creamy opalesque strings of pearls.  
When winter has touched with a zero blight,  
Wrought with uttermost beauty and grace  
In elaborate ice-crystalled patterns of lace,  
It fills out its year as a constant delight.

## **Collinsia**

The memory of Z. Collins to revere,  
These fascinating annuals appear,  
And rivalling the spectrum, are displayed  
In many an attractive tint and shade.



VINE CLAD PATH



## **Marigold**

*(Variety Josephine)*

Josephine, of the French,  
Holds her court every day.  
Never abating, Ladies-in-waiting  
Spread their gowns of golds and browns  
In a truly regal way.  
Poised, unruffled, quite correct,  
How can they hold themselves so well?  
Is it character or color scheme,  
Or discipline of shine and sheen?  
Only Josephine can tell.

## **Madeira Vine**

*(Boussingantia)*

Do you remember the cedar wood trellis  
along the ell and over the door  
That always stood open at the old folk's home  
with the noon mark cut in the floor?  
Do you remember our dear Aunt Mary's  
bright black eyes and curly hair?  
She would loop and twine the Madeira Vine  
on the trellis as she stood on a chair.  
Then she sat like a queen in that shimmering shade  
all the long late afternoon,  
While the vine poured forth a wonderful fragrance  
from its multitudinous bloom.

## Pinks

(*Dianthus*)

From the sunrise to the sunset  
    The precious seed has blown,  
From India and China,  
    To find a western home.  
Profusely in our gardens,  
    With sunrise tints they glow,  
While some have felt the sunset,  
    And deeper shadows know.  
With rose and mauve and salmon,  
    One the purest white,  
Single, double, deepest red,  
    With fringes of the night.  
Midnight, Fireball, Lucifer,  
    Vesuvius as well, —  
All have depths of character,  
    Names can never tell.

The Pilgrims brought from Europe  
    The pink they called "The Clove,"  
Which, long before, the Latins cherished  
    As the "Flower of Jove."

Sweet William came from China  
    Via Russia, and with ease  
Took all of Europe to itself,  
    From the Pole to the Pyrenees.  
In spite of careless treatment,  
    Or winter winds and cold,  
It thrives in peace and plenty  
    And blooms a thousand fold.

## Sun Lovers

*Sunflowers (Helianthus Annuus)*

Yellow and yellow and yellow  
For the only sun!  
Waiting patiently the long dark night  
To meet the dawn with a face so bright  
Swain sun must love it with all his might!  
When day is done,  
Its yellow is cherished and turned away  
For the loving sun  
Of another day.

## Hybrid Sunflowers

*(Helianthus Purpureus)*

Lemon and claret, maroon and red,  
For the only sun!  
Shadowy, somber, or gay, bright faces  
Also await the sun's embraces: —  
Sunflower brides of tropical races,  
Living, each one,  
In hope its own beauty will a moment beguile  
The rover-like sun  
To a lover-like smile!



## **Orange Sunflowers** (*Heliopsis*)

Gold and orange, and orange and gold  
For the only sun!  
Pulsing of tubers deep in the earth,  
Throbbing of leaves at each bud's birth,  
Vying with sunshine to prove its worth,  
Heliopsis has won!  
Every year it puts forth in perennial gold  
To the wooing sun  
A new story told!

## **The Sunflowers' Great Grandchild** (*Sanvitalia*)

Little gold, little gold, little gold,  
For the only sun!  
Each sanvitalia looks up such a lot  
At great grandfather sun, so high and so hot,  
In the midst of its gold is a tiny burnt spot!  
Little gold, each one  
A humble adorer, so the smiling grace  
Of great grandfather sun  
Reflects in its face.

## **African Daisy** (*Dimorphotheca*)

The hard-glossed burning sunshine  
    of the veldt  
Reflects from this intense  
    bright orange face.  
Of dark, dank wood or watered plain  
    or boggy place,  
Or wild, untravelled, sheltered nook,  
    there's not a hint  
Or trace, but boldly, like a warrior  
    of the sun,  
Though trapped by man, this Nomad  
    of a desert race,  
Transported to an alien land  
    unfolds and glows  
With pent-up fires of grace!

## **Blazing Star** (*Liatris*)

Purple pomp and panoply!  
The king of fall has come!

## White Physostegias

There are days when Physostegias  
Give the garden purest white,  
Each one spiring and aspiring  
To a stately columned height;  
A dream of Chineses pillared  
And pagoda'd night.  
Disdaining softness, grace and perfume,  
Sternly square, and all upright,  
Without gentleness or pity,  
But intensely alight,  
Like an alabaster city  
With mystic radiance bright,  
Physostegia arises  
White and white and white!

## Swan River Daisy (*Brachycome*)

Dotting the border in blue, pink and white,  
Each individual an exquisite mite!  
It cannot be noble, stately or tall,  
Only delectably, delightfully small,  
Like tiny tints torn from the rainbow's hem,  
Or bits of the Milky Way, each set as a gem  
In a darling, diminuendo diadem.

## A Moonlight Garden

I dream a garden, most wonderful at night  
Beneath the ancient stars or Luna's fulling light,  
With a fluent flowering, radiantly white.

To spring, above the borders of arabis, will bloom  
Ivory hyacinths and waxy tulips that assume  
Fantasies, while above, magnolias mysteriously loom.

In turn, poeticus and iris their lustrous lights disclose,  
And from the pearly lilacs, a subtle sweetness flows  
To the corner where the stately columned lupin grows.

I find a fairy foreland in a lily-of-the-valley bed,  
And clouds of shimmering beauty ere the plum blossoms shed,  
And hawthorn and syringa nights, to which my steps are led.

Banks of snowy pinks, and soft sweet rockets teem  
With loveliness, while fragrant chalices of lilies gleam  
Beneath a thousand "silver moons", the roses of a dream.

Behold a radiant rhododendron standing like a bride!  
For the moment, all other claims must stand aside,  
For enchantment fills the night to fullest tide.

Fields of billowing daisies! A gleaming orchard slope  
With white apple blossoms laden! Cloudland cannot cope  
With such resplendent beauty and its prophetic hope.

Who can forget the massing peonies, a glorious sight,  
Though now petunias have spread their urns of white,  
And their scent and substance glorify the night.

Canterbury chimney bells are like the jewelled stars,  
And moonflowers lift to heaven their nightly avatars,  
While the splendor of their whiteness nothing mars.

Then aster, nicotiana and cosmos feathering tall,  
Silvering chrysanthemums against the garden wall,  
Clematis and lace vine brooding cloud-like over all!

I dream the summer processional of flowering white  
From April to November; after that, each snowy night  
I realize the evergreens are blooming their delight.

## Eulalia Zabrina

This grass alone, of all plants known,  
Builds bars of white across its leaves,  
Which surely shows that, as it grows,  
At intervals it meets disease;  
But nobly striving to arise,  
It toils and towers toward the skies,  
And as a result, in Fall assumes  
Panoplies of princely plumes.



THE EVERGREENS ARE BLOOMING THEIR DELIGHT



## **Torenia**

Little maids from China,  
Purple, prim, precise!  
Every day,  
Bright or grey,  
In every way  
Absolutely nice.

Little maids from China,  
Charming, quaint, erect!  
Every hour,  
In field or bower,  
Sun or shower,  
Convincingly correct.

Little maids from China,  
Dainty, calm and wise!  
They delight;  
The very sight  
Of them quite  
Fills one with surprise.

## **Navelwort** (*Omphalodes*)

A graceful, green-grey,  
    felicitous white spray;  
Like sea jewels kissed  
    by a fountain of mist.



## **Salmon Pink**

*(Phlox Drummondi)*

(Of a strain selected by the late Maurice Fuld)

Pinker than the pink of roses,  
Brighter than the blossoms of the peach,  
Purer than that pink, the Pink itself discloses,  
All flowers that would be pink  
                    this strain of Phlox can teach!

## **Lobelia**

*(Compacta)*

You are so small,  
I cannot measure you at all!  
You are so bright,  
You almost dazzle my sight!  
You are so blue,  
I can hardly believe you are true!

## **Rhodanthe**

*(Manglesi)*

In color and form, they have sprung  
From the earth like tiny pink roses!  
Unlike the roses, they never fade  
If carefully gathered when young,  
And tenderly made into posies,  
Then hung to dry in the shade.

**Buddleia**  
(*Butterfly Bush*)

In truth, I never think of lilacs  
With your blooms against the wall,  
But every tassel brings a dream  
That builds a castle,  
Mediaeval, turreted and tall!

**Ageratum**  
(*Floss Flower*)

Little lavender cushions,  
Soft to the eye,  
And cool to the cheek.  
In this gusto of summer,  
Your quiet companionship  
Is just what I seek!

**Downingia**  
(Named for A. J. Downing, Father of Horticulture in U. S.)

Of all the dainty flowers he knew,  
He thought there was no lovelier blue;  
So, to perpetuate his fame,  
Downingia shall be your name!  
At those, who, wrongly, you have called  
Clintonia, I am appalled!

## **Nycterinia** (*Zaluzianskia*)

Twilight! Starlight!  
Moon light as day!  
    While the dew is falling,  
    Nectar scents are calling  
Night-moths far away!

Tiny purple torches  
Open stars of white;  
    While the moon is soaring,  
    Mystic sweets they're pouring  
Into the night!

Starlight! Moonlight!  
Dawn-light of day!  
    With exquisite yearning  
    Of fragrance, they're burning  
Their white souls away!

## **Flora's Paint Brush** (*Cacalia*)

Tell me, flower bright and quaint,  
How did Flora mix your paint?  
Did she wash your face in dew,  
While you nodded in your bed,  
So that when the sun awaked you,  
You could blush a brilliant red?

## Heliotrope

Here is fresh fragrance fairing of the morn,  
Distilled from nebulous stars of nascent night,  
Touched with the charm of the ineffable light  
That transforms the super-moment of the dawn:  
As if accumulated nectars of ages gone  
Had assembled in a sweetness of supernal might  
From universes, from departed eons, for the rite  
Of the glamorous blooming of this gentle flower, lowly born.

More compelling than the sweetnesses that adorn  
Deep red roses or lilies cool and white,  
More inviting than the clover honey drawn  
By bees, in their summer summit of delight;  
This is the sacred odor for the sense, withdrawn  
Into its lonely, lofty mountain height.

## Basil

(*Ocimum*)

'Tis strange to think this aromatic plant  
that in my garden grew,  
Confucius, Elizabeth of England  
and Theophrastus knew.  
The scent of basil has been renowned  
in paintings, stories, songs;  
Yet, only to the ages gone forever,  
it properly belongs.

## **Ice Plant** (*Mesembryanthemum*)

The succulent *Mesembryanthemum*  
    revels in midsummer's sun,  
Its blooms are quite conspicuously gay;  
    we praise it not so much for that display  
As for its stems and leaves so crisp  
    and crystalline,  
A salad exceptional, on which  
    a duke might dine.  
More icily crumbled,  
    more delectable to eat,  
The more intolerable  
    and tropical the heat!

## **Cynoglossum** (*Chinese Forget-me-not*)

Cynoglossum, with your way we must surely be content,  
For in true-blue, aspiring bloom, your day is spent  
For our pleasure. Chinese or other matters not,  
In fullest measure you give, forget-me-not.  
In spite of wind or shadow, drought or storm,  
You carry on, and dying, true to form,  
Your fruit, in certain emulation of the tick,  
Will affectionately attach itself and stick!  
Though you are gone, your seed, its mission to fulfill,  
Commends the memory of you to us still!

## **Pimpernel** (*Anagallis*)

I wonder why, when tame,  
You are the same in name,  
Yet, like a purse-proud dame,  
All usefulness disclaim?

And why, when wild, my lass,  
Half hidden in the grass,  
Are you, as changes pass,  
The poor-man's weather glass?

What makes you weather-wise,  
Bright faced for sunny skies,  
Yet approaching storms apprise  
By shutting up your eyes?

My wee wild pimpernel,  
Winsome waif, how well  
You weave a charming spell  
Around each tale you tell.

## **Rosette-Mullein** (*Ramodia*)

"Borage leaves, with blue bear's ears,"  
In many a real rock-garden appears.  
It is honest as day and old as the sun,  
And blooms from May till summer is done.

## Hollyhocks

(*Althaea*)

I watch them rise to greet each day  
with higher bloom,  
And to my soul they point the way  
it may assume; —  
Only those can win whose sense of duty  
shall inspire  
The holding of the cup of beauty  
ever higher.

## Abronia

*(Sand Verbena)*

Abronia was my mother's flower.  
 Year after year it grew in her tiny garden,  
 Trailing its rosy-lilac, verbena-like blossoms  
 Over the sand and dispensing its fruity fragrance  
     from June to October.  
 Other mothers preferred geraniums or fuchsias,  
 Nasturtiums, petunias, dahlias or sweet-peas.  
 My mother had these sometimes and roses too,  
     but always Abronia.  
 Faithful Abronia! Flowering for her honestly  
 With the best it could! It is the one flower  
 That I associate with her sweet face  
     and gentle hands.



HOLLYHOCKS





## Fairy Lilies

(*Zephyranthes*)

In May, our dear old cousin used to say:  
"I put my fairy lilies in the sun to-day!"

In June, as we were calling in the afternoon:  
"My pretty little fairy lilies are in bloom!"

In Fall: "I put my lilies near the cellar wall,  
There to sleep till Spring shall give its call."

So years and years. At last there came the day  
When the dear old fairy lily lady went away.

I never see the fair pink blossoms more,  
I hope they bloom for her inside the Golden Door.

## Fuchsia

The two old darlings, Aunt Lizzie and Aunt Mary,  
flourished in the formal Fuchsia age,  
When side curls, earrings, parasols  
and crinoline were all the rage.  
When the passion for feminine adornment  
only Godey's Lady's Book could sufficiently assuage,  
To see a Fuchsia now is to remember Barnum  
leading Jenny Lind upon the stage,  
Or Queen Victoria of England passing  
in her royal equipage.  
So, as the quaint formality that's past  
can no more our youth engage,  
Fuchsia, you must not still prolong the time  
forever gone. Turn the page.

## Star-of-Bethlehem

(*Ornithogalum*)

On a winter evening of shining stars,  
    Long years ago,  
Across the fields and through the bars  
Came kind Aunt Abbie, when her work was done,  
    Over the snow;  
Under her arm a good fat fowl, and just for fun  
She had written a poem, tucked under its wing,  
    To let us know  
The joy of her heart in its offering.

The years are gone and her life is done,  
An eager, full, unselfish one,  
    The roses blow,  
    The lilies glow,  
The winter-greens toss their blossoms of snow,  
The gardens of spring and summer bestow  
A choice of the loveliest bloomings we know;  
But for kind Aunt Abbie the only flower  
Is Ornithogalum, stars in a shower,  
Stars in a cluster, bright for her crown,  
The little white stars of Bethlehem Town!

## Three Moons

There is a land of large delight,  
Where giftful gardens grow;  
There Flora wanders in the light  
Of three moons in a row!

Oh, let me come into this land,  
Some time when day is gone,  
While ecstasy is close at hand,  
Between the dew and dawn!

Moon in the sky above, so wise!  
Moon mirrored in the lake!  
Moon paradised in Flora's eyes!  
Let me her heart awake!

## Growth

My home grew in a garden,  
Akin to trees and flowers,  
And my high hopes have blossomed  
Among life's fragrant bowers!

My heart grew in a garden  
Of human love and peace,  
And now my faith knows beauty's  
Perennial increase!

# Dahlia

*All hail the single dahlia! The double was a pity!  
It seemed so bee confusing; a monstrous petal city!  
For all who circumnavigate the globe to seek  
Something distinctive, yet beautiful, something unique,  
I advise Cape Cod anent a garden that I know  
Filled to overflowing with single dahlias, white as snow,  
With a nobility of growth and a captivating grace,  
As if the moon had sought reflection in every flower face  
And found in full perfection, complete abiding place.  
These beauties have a lofty place in the race of dahlias won,  
Ivory petalled by the moon, golden centered by the sun!  
My friend has hundreds of them and loves them, every one!*

## Dahlia Development

Aunt Mary had the giant doubles,  
    purple, white and rose,  
Then the pompons, every shade,  
    in rows and rows and rows.  
Once I thought the cactus type  
    was all my garden needed;  
After that the collarettes  
    from roots in patience seeded.  
Now single dwarfs bring great delight,  
    I give the palm to them  
And out of many captivators  
    will pick the Coltness Gem.

## **Verbascum** (*Mullein*)

In the background, tall, remote,  
These are English Lords of note!  
Stately, showing all their pedigree, —  
Yet I know you will agree with me,  
Though everblooming, full of cheer,  
They are not so noble, near.  
Then put them almost out of sight  
Where they can lord with all their might,  
And their perfections will appear!

## **Veronica** (*Speedwell*)

Colonial matrons  
In lavender gowns,  
In state are waiting  
On late afternoons,  
Are waiting mornings, noons  
And late afternoons.  
In cool disdain  
Of sun and rain,  
In state are waiting,  
In violet crinoline  
With lace festoons.

## Prince's Feather

(*Amaranthus*)    *Joseph's Coat*

I build a tower  
    of deep maroon!  
With my brothers in the fall  
I may deign to build a wall!  
    I do not care  
For the many colored coat I wear;  
That, in due time, I shall decide  
    to cast aside,  
For my truly noble plume  
    is all my pride!  
As summer wanes, I can abide  
My cross-pied coat no longer,  
And I drop it by my side!  
With infinite pains  
    I build my tower,  
And from its summit, lift my plume  
    With all my power!

## Nicotiana

(*Tobacco*)

In the languorous ease of a soft summer night,  
    Comes the Nicotiana's white hour of birth  
Into fragrance! To all a wonder and delight,  
    Except to the over-cigaretted ones of the earth,  
Who regard Tobacco's flowering as a joke,  
    Its dead leaves only they adore, glowing into smoke!

## **Bocconia** *(Plume Poppy)*

Shirley Poppy, this is certainly amazing!  
Is it possible upon your cousin I am gazing?  
This heroic growth of statue, regal, bold,  
Leaved with glossy green and tasseled high  
With plumes of bronze and gold  
That beckon to the sky?  
Your relative is more like stately Meadow-rue,  
Fragile Shirley Poppy, than it is like you!

## **Schizanthus**

This delicate spray  
Is not for display;  
It never pretends  
    To be orchid or rose,  
But to its friends  
    Does willingly disclose  
How such a timid plant can bravely grow  
    Its one great ambition to realize —  
That in one flowering it may show  
    A thousand tiny butterflies!



## Helenium

Oh, tangled, tawny, golden blooms,  
    named for Helen of Troy,  
You are the flowering feat of Autumn,  
    its marvel and its joy!

Here in New England, we shall be nearer,  
    nearer the Millenium,  
When we can know as well as show  
    the rapture of Helenium!

## Honesty

*(Lunaria) Peter's Pence*

Time was I knew the sun,  
And felt the hour of noon;  
Now I frailly span the night,  
Pale shadow of the moon.  
It may not be your right or due,  
Yet all my silver I will give to you.  
Such is my Honesty!  
My silver I give freely, and it is true  
I do bestow on you no paltry pelf,  
But the whole of my eternal inner self.

## **Butterfly Weed** (*Asclepias*)

Red gold burns in the meadows  
And burnishes the plain,  
A fallen bit of the summer sun,  
Butterfly-weed again!

They need no chart nor compass,  
Where home port shines so bright;  
'Tis an ample honey harvest,  
Where thousands may alight.

We feel that toil is beauty  
And the world is planned aright,  
Since humble bread to the insect,  
To man is a gorgeous sight!

## **Zea Japonica**

Instead of the usual rustling green garments  
adorning the maize,  
This remarkable cousin of corn in wonderful  
Roman sashes arrays.  
As summer advances, it gathers and fashions  
from the sun's warm rays  
Bright furbelows like ribbons of rainbows  
that delight and amaze.

## Tuberous Begonias

Gorgeous, glossy-green, luxurious leaves  
Surrounding abundant and super-brilliant sheaves  
Of blossoms, enormously and flauntingly rude;  
With a color code, garish and indescribably crude!  
To estimate their value, there are no terms  
that can be found,  
For adjectives are either much too feeble  
or too profound.  
They seem not flowers, but monstrous blobs  
of color that alarm,  
Too wonderful to be comfortable, too stunning  
for any hint of charm.  
Near, they hurt my eyes and blind my senses,  
like the God of day.  
I like them best where shadows lie,  
and several rods away!

## Datura

*Angel's Trumpet — Thorn Apple — Devil's Trumpet —  
Jimson Weed*

The Datura plant has a beautiful fragrant flower  
but a poisonous disposition, indeed;  
Depending on whether you choose the flower to deck your  
bower,  
or elect to feed on its deadly seed.  
In the former case you might call it: "Sweet Angel's  
Trumpet",  
In the latter, if you should happen to survive: "Thorn  
Apple, Devil's Trumpet or Jimson Weed!"



A GARDEN CORNER



## Evening Primrose

(*Oenothera*)

That gentle little moth of golden pink,  
    a dainty mite,  
That effects the transformation of an evening primrose  
    into a fairy bower,  
And sleeps within while all the busy outer world  
    is glaring light,  
To those that understand, gives as much,  
    or more, delight  
Than can the modest Primrose flower.

## Verbena

(*Vervain*)

Who can tell me why verbenas lazily lie  
Close to the ground and crawl and sprawl about,  
Yet are so very slow at budding out?  
And why they do not even seem to try?  
Why, when again and then again you have despaired  
Of seeing flowers, and are totally unprepared,  
Or not about; then, and only then, they deign  
To fill their color clusters with a shout?

## **Red Hot Poker    Flame Flower**

*(Tritoma)*

I fain would gaze on a million tritomas  
torching an African plain!  
While that is an impossibility, I do enjoy much  
one visible vivid aspiring flame  
In Evelyn's garden. It gives the right touch  
Of distinction in the midst of the confusion  
of the autumnal color domain.

## **Eupatorium Perfoliatum**

*(Boneset)*

I do not sing the Thoroughwort,  
Because medicinal its graces.  
I wish to praise its ways and blooms  
As it feathers, foams and fumes  
And so richly lights and looms  
In wet and lowly places.

## **Kaulfussia**

*(Kaulfussia)*

A dainty little annual that  
emulates the aster  
In color and in form, but grows  
a great deal faster!

## **Bouncing Bet** (*Saponaria*)

She's here, she's there, she's everywhere!  
For bouncing up she has a flair!  
A gentle, joyous, romping lass,  
Flaunting color over the grass!  
She may be dainty as a dream,  
Yet a million of her seem,  
Drifting over field and dale,  
Like argosies of flower-set-sail  
To win the world with pink fanfare!  
She's here, she's there, she's everywhere!  
She drifts about and doesn't care!  
She's here, she's there, she's everywhere!

## **Yucca** (*Spanish-bayonet*)

One should wear armor  
to recklessly plunge through a cruel thicket  
of Spanish-bayonet, as it grows in the South.  
In New England, known as Yucca, it stands  
distinctive and unique.  
An acolyte might before its altar kneel,  
and feel the healing of its grace,  
As it lifts its noble candelabrum  
for the rite of summer,  
Filled with gentle yet persuasive  
white and mystic light.



## A Complaint

I'm feeding the deer, my darling,  
With all the tid-bits I grow.  
On the woodchuck, the deer, and the starling,  
My bounty I freely bestow,  
And I plant half my corn for the crow.  
The bronzy and yellow sun-flowers,  
So tall and sightly in row,  
Be-leaved, beheaded, are first to go.  
Now, where the fluffling white phloxes  
Were perfecting, there is nothing to show.  
Cosmos and lilies are nibbled,  
And even the fruit laden trees,  
And all the tall Michaelmas-daisies  
Completely denuded of leaves.  
The glorious, colorful zinnias  
Are chewed and torn to a shred,  
The marigolds pulled and bitten  
Till the roots themselves are dead.  
My treasures I've treated a-plenty  
With deadly arsenate of lead;  
But showers come in the night-time,  
And the deer are out and fed,  
Before the glorious sun and I  
Awake and arise from bed.

## Cosmos

Here is the fairy forest tall,  
In green, lacy tracery swaying,  
With sun and shadows playing,  
And bright crowns over all!

Here is that leafy tangle green,  
Like a filmy fountain made  
Of soft sliverings of jade,  
Through which bright stars are seen!

Here are the stars that ride  
Wonderfully fair and free,  
Rising from a green-grey sea  
To the full crest of the tide!

## Mountain Fleece

*(Polygonum)*

Mountain fleeces for the meadow,  
Cloud lights for the plain!  
The passing year has Mayed again!

Fall exuberance of beauty,  
Belated harvest to the bee,  
A flowering that's joy to me!

## Michaelmas Daisies

*(Asters)*

The day of Saint Michael and the Angels we greet!  
Nature's rent is all paid, its year is complete!  
The Lord Mayor of Summer has taken his seat!  
The wide countryside with profusion raises  
Its warm autumn-tide of colorful praises  
In purple and lavender Michaelmas daisies.

In purple and lavender and Michaelmas white,  
Thrilling the waysides with dazzling delight,  
Filling the meadows with eye-stars bright.  
Then, let there be storming and darkness tomorrow,  
We will the Michaelmas cheerfulness borrow;  
Bounties of beauty to overcome sorrow.

## Lavender

*(Lavendula Vera)*

Ways were simple and hearts were true  
Where the old fashioned Lavender grew.  
When Queen Victoria was in power  
Sweet Lavender flourished in many a bower.

Our grandmothers loved it, and well they knew  
It would sweeten their linen, bleached by the dew.  
And sweeten each day of toil and strife,  
As a perfect symbol of clean, strong life.

Sweet Lavender times are passed and gone,  
Synthetic modes have since been born.  
Can we never return to the Lavender days  
Of simple and humble old-fashioned ways?

## Chrysanthemums

In the land of the Mashpees,  
Where the Moccasin-flowers balloon  
Their Indian loyalty, every year in June,  
The dusky Senegambians, an alien race,  
Have furnished their doorways and their borders  
Every Fall, with the filling grace  
Of the feathered glories of Japan,  
Chrysanthemums!

They are lustrous and profuse,  
Flowering, with least excuse,  
Into overflowing dark and light,  
Crimson, tawny, gold and white  
Chrysanthemums!

They make dooryards into bowers,  
As they richly blossom white and gold!  
An alien race of people and of flowers  
Have taken the Indian land to have and hold!

## A Triolet for November

Chrysanthemums today!  
What joy tomorrow?  
Life brings what it may:  
Chrysanthemums today  
Will brighten the dreary way,  
And lighten its sorrow.  
Chrysanthemums today!  
What joy tomorrow?

## Sea-Buckthorn

*(Hippophae)*

Spring green and grey  
    with elf-brown hoods  
On prickly stems: — to be precise  
A well armed Puritan  
    of the woods.  
All summer long a strange device  
It seems to bear, that's not a flower.  
It cannot gain its paradise!  
But the late summer  
    brings an hour  
When the Puritan of grey and green  
Becomes an orange-  
    berried bower!

## Gillyflowers

*(Stock)*

I have spent a charming hour  
With a bed of gillyflower.  
The air was pure, the sunset bright,  
And I could feel the frost of night  
Creeping up from lowly places.  
As I stood entranced, the faces  
Of the flowers were full, awake, keen  
With life, and a luminous sheen  
Of loveliness, added to their power  
Of fragrance, made it the hour,  
The all-compelling hour of gillyflower!

## **Goldenrod** (*Solidago*)

On a landscape  
Greyed or browned,  
Nature strews her gold around!  
Lo! the barren waste is crowned!  
A pile of dust  
Has sceptre found!

## **Fall Crocus** (*Colchicum*)

Something unique the season boasts  
When Autumn Crocuses have their fling.  
As they arise as pale as ghosts,  
I hear them say unto their hosts; —  
"While now of lavender we sing,  
Where are our little leaves of spring  
That grew in green and happy ring?"

## **Monkshood** (*Aconitum Autumnal*)

In a shady corner stands the Monkshood,  
Hiding a mystery under its soft blue seal,  
With outward beauty bestowed for all to feel,  
Yet its inner charm it never can reveal  
For fear of being misunderstood.

## Some Day in November

The earth was white with frost last night,  
All the tender blooms have felt the blight,  
But the Sweet Alyssum borders yet are bright!

A few Chrysanthemums glow against the wall;  
In grace, Arctotis droops but does not fall,  
And the Chimney Bells are blooming straight and tall.

African Daisies blazon here and there,  
And Snapdragons not too badly fare.  
Here's a rose for my sweetheart to wear!

Though winter's near, we have no fear;  
The frost is but a prophet or a seer  
Renouncing this and promising a better year.

## Witch Hazel

*(Hamamelis)*

When every leaf has fallen,  
and no bird remains to sing,  
And the only surety is cold and snow;  
Then the deep, rich yellow blossoms  
Of the faithful Hamamelis glow  
their bright prophecy of spring.

OTHERWISE  
*Of House Gardens and  
Winter Window Plants*

**Lobster-claw Cactus   Crab-leaf Cactus**  
*(Epiphyllum)*

Our mothers and our grandmothers  
And all our aunts and great-aunts  
Had Lobster-leaves as treasures  
Among their indoor plants.

Their husbands, fathers, brothers,  
Brought them from Brazil,  
Parasites of tropic trees  
To New England's window sill.

There they grew and spread and bloomed,  
And, when the gales of winter boomed,  
Through the cold dark dreary hours  
The Lobster-claws were bowers of flowers.

**Wax Flower**  
*(Hoya)*

In the place of honor  
    on my mother's winter window shelf,  
Was a much trained Hoya  
    trellised round and round itself.  
Its foliage was a screen  
    of luminous, yet unsubstantial green,  
And when the whole plant was in bloom  
    with honey-tipped pink clusters of waxy sheen,  
Its beauty and its fragrance filled the room.



## **Genista**

Who could resist a Genista  
Flowering a showering of gold?  
One of lifes' surprises arises,  
As its beauties untold unfold.

## **Gloxinia**

Gloxinia is in no wise a merely livable  
and lovable creature,  
For a certain elegant arrogance  
is its principal feature;  
It is as aristocratic and well-poised  
as a traditional queen,  
Blossoming a bounty of beauty,  
lofty, cultured, serene.

## **Astilbe Japonica**

Lured away from old Virginia,  
Where it flourished fair and free,  
And disciplined to ways of trade,  
Now, by Northern winter not dismayed,  
Its lovely, soft, white plume 'twill fling  
To herald the oncoming spring.

## **Air-Plant** (*Bryophyllum*)

A single leaf from Florida,  
Pinned upon the wall,  
Grew a dozen tiny plants  
That now are broad and tall.  
Hundreds, from notches in their leaves  
Have rooted, nourished on the air,  
Until I see their children's children  
Flourishing everywhere!

## **Freesia Refracta Alba**

Freesias remind us of altars to Aphrodite  
In Grecian temples, now crumbling into dust.  
In the classical lines and the neatness  
Of their alabasterine blossoms, and the glory  
Of their profuse and forceful sweetness,  
Freesias revitalize that long ago dead story.

## **An Exhibit of Acacias** (*Acacia Pubescens and Others*)

Beneath these foaming yellow flower festoons  
Falling from fairy-foliaged fern-like trees,  
I am transported to the unknown far off isles  
Where the only music is a harmony of seven seas.

## **Zaushneria**

You may search the plant catalogs  
and the cyclopaedia,  
You'll find no better house pet  
than the Zaushneria.

Though it resembles the fuchsia,  
it is somewhat superior,  
With its bright crimson ear-drops,  
this showy Zaushneria.

If you are snowed up in winter,  
(and what could be drearier?)  
No possession could be cheerier  
than a pot of Zaushneria.

## **Calceolaria** (*Slipperwort*)

When I see these curious blobs of color, spotted, white to  
red,  
I want to close my eyes  
And dream of angel toadstools, polka-dotted, newly dead,  
And poised in Paradise!



IN THE FALL



## Achimenes

Deep violet horns of plenty,  
Bent with their burden of beauty,  
    Borne in modest queenliness to please;  
This is the beginning and the fulfilling  
Of the glory of the story  
    Of the faithful flowering Achimenes.

## Abutilon

*(As by one born in China)*

In China, the sweet pagoda bells are ringing,  
The native nightingale is singing,  
And the yellow abutilon is blooming  
In the gardens, in the fields, everywhere is blooming.

They transported an abutilon to me  
Across the arid lands, across the sea.  
They could not bring the sweet bells' ringing  
Nor the nightingale's soft singing.

Back to China I am some time surely going,  
Where the gentle nightingale is softly singing,  
And the silvery sweet pagoda bells are ringing  
And the beautiful abutilon everywhere is growing.

# OTHERWISE

## *Plant Curiosities*

### **Ambun-Ambun or Rafflesia**

Ambun-Ambun is one great wonder of the growing world,  
It is not a plant, but a gigantic flower unfurled,  
With waxy corolla of five petals, each a yard wide,  
Holding, like a basin, six quarts of dew inside.

It bears huge pistils and stamens on separate blooms,  
But each entire growth is a flower and flower life assumes,  
With neither root, stalk, branch, twig nor leaves;  
In Sumatra only it is known, and due homage there receives!

### **Zisyphus**

*(A Tropical Tree)*

A jujube used to be a tart fruit from a tree  
Candy-coated with a lot of fuss;  
Now it has become a gummy sugar-plum  
Minus the fruit of the Zisyphus.

The Zisyphus is now as ancient as a cow  
Anon will be; for we have synthetic silk,  
Near beer and tea, and it's very plain to see  
We are well upon the way to synthetic milk!

## **Tile-Root** (*Geissorhiza*)

The Geissorhiza is certainly wiser  
Than many a plant on my files,  
Though not a miser, it's a good supervisor,  
Protecting its roots with tiles.  
With four puny leaves, it's a poor advertiser,  
Yet, as it smiles, it beguiles  
With its wonderful lilies, both tall and true,  
Of pearl and canary and beautiful blue!

## **Fountain Plant** (*Ferula*)

I saw in a dream, an intriguing dream,  
A fountain of green on the bank of a stream.  
It seemed then I had seen an eloquent, serene,  
Fine fountain of foliage with exquisite, clean  
Perfections of form and shimmering sheen  
That could only belong to a passing dream.  
I think now, Ferula, that you  
Are that vision come true!

## **Cruel-Plant** (*Physianthus*)

The vines of the cruel-plant luxuriously grow,  
And many pure white fragrant flowers bestow,  
Not unlike tuberoses. Yet, have a care,  
Errant bee or lurking fly, there is a snare!  
Do not for that petal-hidden sweetness try!  
You will be trapped and held, and of hunger soon will die!



# Euphorbia

Perhaps some of you have never felt the urge  
To estimate the value of the family of Spurge.  
    It is one of the largest, most diversified,  
    Unusual in interest, — that cannot be denied.

Named Euphorbia, in classical tradition  
By Pliny, in honor of King Juba's physician;  
    Containing trees, shrubs, herbs, cacti and weeds,  
    Well adapted to all localities and needs;  
Yet, however varied in shape or size or power,  
In family allied by the same type of flower.

    The Christmas Poinsettia, well-known, I assume,  
    Is first cousin to the Mexican Scarlet Plume.  
In this same branch is the Red Fire Fountain  
And the much better known Snow-on-the-Mountain.

    Among the many trees is the cruel Crown-of-Thorns  
    One displaying teeth, and another showing horns.  
In this breed are spiny shrubs and wicked, weedy spines,  
Ugly, crawling trees and upright, treely vines.  
    There are hosts of curious shapes among the shrubs,  
    Cups and cones and tubes and bells and clubs.

Some members have true beauty, and others have a flair  
For the interesting, the curious and rare.  
    Among those of the herbaceous type and manner  
    Stands prominently Euphorbia Ipecacuana.

With some supplying useful drugs,  
And others, Christmas beauty,  
Some, material for boxes or for rugs,  
Each scion of the family does its duty.

Euphorbia Meloformis may not at once attract us,  
Since it behaves exactly like a cactus.

Then there is a wonderful Medusa Head,  
Crowned first, not with hair, but with snakes inbred.

What I have now merely sketched in the rough  
Is far from complete, yet I hope it is enough  
To promote, at least, a momentary urge  
To become more acquainted with the Family of Spurge.

## **Euphorbia Heterophylla**

Mexican Fire Plant

Hypocrite Plant

Painted Leaf

Fire-on-the-Mountain

Annual Poinsettia

It is not even necessary to recount your glory,  
Repeating your every title tells the whole story.

## Three-Horned Acacia

(*Gleditschia*)

Over thirty years ago  
I planted Three-horns in a row,  
Sincerely hoping they would grow  
Into a hedge of noble trees.  
In thirty years I had no trees,  
But shrubs with thorns, — such cruel thorns!

It was about ten years ago,  
When I had proved no trees would grow,  
Only shrub-high thorns, — such cruel thorns,  
I changed about, and at once set out  
To root and rout the Three-horns out.  
So every fall I chop and burn,  
Yet every spring the thorns return.  
I dig them out with spade and axe,  
More spines spring up; I furnish facts!  
And whether I burn or chop or mow,  
Each spring the thorns much stronger grow.  
Such cruel thorns!  
I wonder much and have my fears  
About the next one hundred years.  
Who will keep up, when I am gone,  
The extermination of the thorn, the evil thorn?

I seem to see this place I own  
With thickets of cruel thorn o'ergrown.  
Of this same thorn that vexes me now  
Was made the crown for Jesus' brow.

My dream of tall and beautiful trees  
With drooping plumes of lacy leaves,  
Gracefully fluttering in the breeze,  
With dangling blooms entangling bees,  
Giving gentle shade and pleasant ease;  
Ends with a torrent of tormenting thorns,  
Evergrowing, evil, terrorizing thorns;  
Such cruel thorns!

## **Hackberry   Nettle Tree   Sugar Tree** (*Celtis*)

At Creltholme, it is certainly astonishing to see  
Myriads of hackberries on my hackberry tree.  
I've never seen them growing or falling from the sky,  
So I never have discovered their how or when or why!

## **Partridge Berry** (*Mitchella Rubiaceae*)

I will tell no one where I have seen  
Wide-spreading mats of *Mitchella*, aglow,  
With rich spatters of scarlet on glossy green.  
Only the partridges and I shall know  
Just where these intriguing berries grow!

## The Family of Artemisia

### Artemisia Adrotanum

Southernwood Old Man

Our grandams, like Diana, were often in the mood  
For handling and for smelling Southernwood,  
Pungent, sour-sweet Southernwood!

### Artemisia Dracunculus

Tarragon Estragon

Czar Peter the Great could carry on  
If his salad was dressed with Tarragon,  
Aromatic Siberian Tarragon!

### Artemisia Absinthium

Wormwood

The ancients used and fully understood  
The bitter warming tonic of the wormwood,  
The absinthe giving and relieving Wormwood!

### Artemisia Arbuscula

Sage Brush

Across the plains comes the crowd and rush  
Of the unyielding, predatory Sage Brush,  
Of the green-grey, arid-landed Sage Brush!

### Artemisia Stelleriana

Bess Old Woman

The greatest star of all the tribe I bring  
As an alluring and dainty offering, —  
Pearly sprays of Artemisia Silver King!



THE GARDEN GATE



## Herbals

*(Plant Treatises Written from 1600 to 1800)*

The present is so scientific in every open way,  
We hardly realize the speculations of an older day.

Among the Herbals and Medicinals of two centuries ago,  
One by Duret is explanatory of much we ought to know;  
For his Vegetable Lamb is now unknown, and I am sure  
His Barnacle Goose Tree, in this prosaic age, could not  
endure.

The latter flourished near the water on the land,  
And of its egg-shaped fruits, each one that fell on sand  
Hatched into a bird, well-feathered, flying wild and free;  
While all the eggs that touched the water were fishes of the  
sea.

They had their marvels then, and we have ours to-day.  
In our not so thrilling, more scientific way.

Our wise ones have done much to plant and flower and fruit;  
Among them the story of the Goose Tree is not in good  
repute.

They revel in Chrysanthemums as big as baby's head,  
And they almost have persuaded the Pansy to be red.  
Though they never quite could teach the Rose to blossom blue,  
There are many still a-trying, and a few expecting to.



Yet in much, men of science are successful, so to-day  
We have thornless gooseberries, and thornless thorns are on  
the way.

Peas, that used to climb, are dwarfed down to the ground;  
Potato seed, (this baffles them) is no more to be found.  
Nuts are growing soft, and tomatoes growing hard,  
While beans and cucumbers are measured by the yard.  
Double flowers grow single, and single now grow double,  
Though the same old insects are forever causing trouble,  
For the scientific poison so carefully prepared,  
By their science they avoid, and so their lives are spared.

If our wise ones fail to foil every bug and pest;  
They help us to improve the soil and give the garden zest.  
One finds a Shasta in a daisy and Abundance in a plum,  
Another turns the Golden-rod into a rubber gum.  
They give us raspberries and strawberries almost everbearing  
And lettuces and cabbages that need not much preparing.  
Beets are smaller, neater, and melons somewhat sweeter,  
The sugar-cane is taller, the ear of corn is smaller,  
Some citrus fruits are seedless, good cultivation weedless.

Yet all this scientism seems somehow stale and tame,  
When we recall the Barnacle Goose Tree and its Herbal fame.

## My Lady's Flowers

We will try to know my lady's heart  
by her every flower,

So come at once with me apart  
into my lady's bower.

Here rests my lady's cushion,  
and her gloves,

Here lies my lady's mantle,  
and the comb she loves.

I see my dainty lady's slippers,  
and my lady's smock ;

Beside my darling's looking-glass,  
is her four-o'clock.

Among her treasures are my lady's laces,  
lying near her box ;

Beside her thread and needles,  
and pretty ear-drops.

When my lady's fingers  
touch my lady's hair,

Of those who see, all such lads-love  
my lady's tresses fair.

True, she has lost her love-in-a-mist,  
her fickle ragged-robin,

Yet, for pity of her bleeding heart,  
is her Sweet-William sobbing.

*Clematis Vitalba*

*Armeria Maritima*

*Digitalis Purpurea*

*Alchemilla Vulgaris*

*Scandix Pecten-veneris*

*Cypripedium*

*Cardamine Pratensis*

*Campanula Speculum*

*Mirabilis*

*Phalaris Arundinaceae*

*Buxus*

*Yucca Filamentosa*

*Fuchsia*

*Anthyllis*

*Briza*

*Artemisia Arbrotanum*

*Spiranthes*

*Nigella*

*Lychnis Flos-cuculi*

*Dielytra Spectabilis*

*Dianthus Barbatas*

## KITCHEN GARDEN WISE

### A Kitchen Bouquet

I have gathered my garden of savors,  
Dried them and stored them away,  
Medicines, pungents and flavors  
All for my kitchen bouquet.

Here is a pot of *basil*  
and a box of *anise-seed*,  
In this bottle are *bay-leaves*,  
to season the lentils we need.  
*Borage* for cucumber flavor,  
*Caraway-seed* for cakes,  
*Burnet* to serve soups a savor,  
a sick one this *camomile* takes.  
All cats and kittens this *catnip* lures,  
*Coriander* goes into candy;  
*Arnica* heals and sometimes cures  
and *balm* is also handy.  
*Dill* has its will with pickles,  
and *fennel* adds to sauces,  
*Horehound* often relieves the tickles,  
while *hyssop* helps the horses.  
*Lavender* is the old clean scent,  
*Lovage* is the old time flavor,  
*Marjoram* has a sweet intent,  
but *mint* is the stomach saver!

Sticky *balm-of-Gilead* buds  
to use with medicinal craft;  
And the simple gatherers' *moonroot*  
for the mind gone daft.  
Fragrant *fir balsam* tips  
for the pillowing of sleep;  
Spring stripped *sassafras* bark  
in a tonic one may steep.  
Yes, soothe with *poppy* leaves  
and cook with *poppy* seed;  
*Peony* petals, (who knows for what?)  
*Hops* for brewing mead.  
*Pennyroyal* has many a use,  
*Rosemary* brightens hair,  
*Rue* is as bitter as jealous abuse,  
*Saffron* best in foreign fare.  
*Sage*, of all the savories queen,  
is convincing, sure and wise,  
*Sorrel* is a sour, tasty green,  
in *wormwood*, the power of absinthe lies,  
As *Tarragon* a salad dresses,  
it seems untutored, of the ground,  
Yet, if vinegar it blesses,  
it's both elusive and profound.  
We listen to each tempting voice  
that calls alluringly: "Try me!"  
Yet, at last, we take our choice  
as individual taste may be.

The seasons come and time goes by  
and seasonings are cured and dry.  
There is a time for seasoning,  
so *thyme* for seasoning let's try!

## Borage

O Borage! Borage! Borage!  
What will I do with you?  
In Latin lands they cut you up  
And put you in cucumber-cup,  
But that of course would never do  
In this arid land of brew.  
O Borage! Borage! Borage!  
What shall I do with you?  
Your place is gone as useful herb,  
Your weedy growth is hard to curb,  
You are not beautiful nor bright,  
And sometimes you're a frumpy fright,  
Must I tolerate you till  
Each errant bee has had its fill?  
O Borage! Borage! Borage!  
What can I do with you?

## **Brassica Oleraceae Acephalia**

No spruce or other evergreen, no lawn  
in all the world,  
Can in any way compete or even meet  
the green unfurled  
By the garden kale, in the beauty hale  
of its leaves encurled.  
Its color is the neatest, the completest  
and the deepest ever seen;  
Eminent its cluster, elegant its luster,  
eloquent its sheen;  
It is the priestess and the princess  
and the paragon of green!

## **Solanum et Papervaceae**

*At Creltholme*

Something within me, beyond an inordinate longing  
for starch,  
Propelled me into planting together potatoes and poppies  
in March!

In April and May they intermingling came up  
and grew  
A wonderful spreading foliage, green, tinted with bronze  
and blue!

They burst into bloom in June, in a blaze of color  
and light,  
Acres of potatoes and poppies together, unique and  
beautiful sight!

## **Zea**

After the market place turmoil and bustle  
    there's nothing so refreshing and free  
As listening to myriads of corn leaves rustle  
    from under the shade of a tree.

To rest in the quiet and build castles  
    in air, of wonderful turret and spire,  
In the land of the waving corn tassels  
    to a music that never can tire—

Is a dream! And a dream with a promise of milk  
    fresh in the sweet ear of corn,  
Under a summery shimmer of silk,  
    where the soft baby kernel is born!

## **Vetch** (*Vicia*)

This is the Tare of Bible parable and story,  
Classed with the warlike thistle as a useless marauder  
By the ancients, who ignorantly destroyed its meed of glory.  
It is, in truth, a benefactor of the highest order.  
All the rich essences of the common air we breathe  
Are converted by this vine into soil fertility.  
From its abundance of purpling flowers, the bees retrieve  
Honey. It is lavish of its beauty and of its utility.

## Brassica Oleraceae Capita

O Cabbage, you, among the few, are truly great!  
Your importance it is not possible to overrate!  
Did not Lewis Carroll associate your name with kings?  
And oftimes when you are beheaded, then a poet sings.

You have been often executed, no doubt against your will,  
And housewives, cooks and chefs have shown their utmost  
skill,

Yet, when your proud and round and noble head  
Is cut or chopped or torn into a shred,  
It does not matter if that makes or breaks the law,  
So you come forth from death in pickle or in slaw,  
Or arise sauerkrauted, or premeditatedly in the raw,  
You are the chosen head of all your race!  
And I should count it honor, not disgrace,  
If I could often meet your rawness, face to face!

## Radish

*(Raphanus)*

If you had seen it blossoming first  
in dainty feather sprays,  
You might not scorn it by the name  
it commonly essays!

If you dislike the pungent ways  
the radish oft assumes  
In a dish; try in a vase  
a bouquet of its plumes!



## **Cucurbiticeae Melopepo**

In an exotic oriental way

    The squashes' glorious, golden flower  
Opens in a flaring, impassioned display,  
    For its brief but sentient hour!

Pluck it for a princess' jewelled crown,

    It will grace her brow above her eye!

Pluck all for princesses! Ah, now you frown!

    You wonder what will become of pumpkin pie!

## **Beta**

Upon a pearly china plate

A slice of beet I contemplate.

Will I? No, I will not eat

Nature's greatest color feat.

It must remain to please the eye,

I must content myself with pie!

## **Unicorn Plant**

*(Martynia)*

The Martynia is mallow-like

    And beautiful in flower,

Subsequent to the arrival

    Of its pod and pickle hour.

## Okra Gumbo

(*Quimbombo*)

Soup!  
There is a flower in my garden that is sure to grow —  
Soup!  
Delectable okra, you are hibiscus before you know —  
Soup!  
In the south the darkies sing as they hoe gumbo —  
Soup!  
And in Spain the dons acclaim quimbombo —  
Soup!

## Advice

When insects congregate,  
Don't pick them one by one,  
Purchase a tested insecticide  
By the quarter of a ton.

Let your rock garden show mostly plants and vines  
With peeping stones beneath,  
Be wary of sticking rocks up in the air  
Like gargantuan false teeth.

When you see delphinium or phlox,  
In loveliness displayed,  
With perfect blend of bud and bloom  
And foliage arrayed,  
Can you guess how many, many, many times  
It has been sprayed?

## Where Gyp Had Buried a Bone

Gyp was a neighbor's nondescript cur,  
    (I never had one of my own;)  
When anything wrong in the garden occurred,  
    It was where Gyp had buried a bone.

I planted a treasure, a rare lily bulb,  
    In a sheltered corner alone.  
It came up too soon! Ah, there's the rub!  
    It was where Gyp had buried a bone!

I sowed sweet-peas in a well-prepared  
    Especially selected zone.  
It was provoking how badly they fared,  
    Because Gyp had buried a bone.

I set out a valuable exotic vine  
    To give my veranda a tone,  
When nothing appeared to clamber and twine,  
    I knew Gyp had buried a bone!

I sowed some rare seeds from over the seas  
    In a seed frame, but let out a moan  
When I inspected it later, for, if you please,  
    It was there Gyp had buried a bone!

# The Everlasting Alphabet

Here are everlasting letters, one by one!  
Learn which to cherish, which to shun.  
Study each growth in all its ways  
Before you choose your winter bouquets!

A ACROCLINIUM —

A slender, tender, daisy-like mite,  
Single, double, dainty pink and white.

B BRIZA MAXIMA — *Quaking Grass*

Frailly poised and sensitive in all their parts,  
Brizas are like tiny ever throbbing hearts.

C CELOSIA PLUMOSA — *Plume Cockscomb*

The vivid scarlet or crimson plumes and woolflowers  
too,

Can be kept cheerfully colorful the winter through.

D DILL — *Anethum Graveolens*

Brought from Spain to English gardens  
three hundred years ago,  
Of its enduring aromatic seasoning  
we moderns little know.

E EULALIA JAPONICA VARIEGATA

This noble grass has graceful, tall, feathery blooms  
Which, when dried, make right royal decorative plumes.

F FESTUCA GLAUCA

Gathered from the waterside and dried,  
What could surpass this beautiful, but humble, grass?

G GLOBE AMARANTH — *Gomphrena*

This is the poetic Amaranth,  
the classical emblem of immortality,  
Mentioned in Homer as worn by the Thessalians  
at the funeral of Achilles.

H HELICHRYSUM

Called straw-flowers by those who cannot properly  
pronounce what they may be able to grow,  
Helichrysums are of many cheerful shades, large  
and showy, with a kind of varnished glow.

I ILEX — *Holly*

After years of thinking the Christmas spirit  
demanded the denuding of the Holly Tree,  
At last the symbolism is better understood, for we see  
That picking Holly is a vicious kind of folly,  
It so soon gets dusty dry and melancholy,  
For it is only beautifully everlasting  
in its native wood.

J JOB'S TEARS — *Coix Lachrymae*

Theophrastus gave the name to these little  
highly-colored seeds,  
And for ages mothers made the teething child  
wear them as a string of beads.

K KING, SILVER KING — *Artemisia*

In summer, a shimmering display  
of soft and misty gray;  
In winter, a white and silver spray  
for a lasting bouquet.

L LUNARIA — *Moonwort* — *Honesty*

After the plant is gone, the flowers dead,  
and seeds all blown away,  
The oval pearly pouches mirror beauty  
a century and a day.

M MITCHELLA — *Partridge Berry*

This little trailing evergreen,  
with its charming scarlet berry,  
Will only prove an everlasting  
when you the burden carry  
Of caring for it with a perpetual  
knack of knowing  
How to keep it properly contented  
and ever growing.

N NEPETA — *Catmint*

This will grace your perennial borders  
If you can ward off feline marauders.  
You may employ it in your winter bouquet  
If you are sure the cat has gone away.



OVER THE ROCKS



- O OCIMUM — *Basil*  
 In ancient India, its dried flowers and leaves  
 Dressed the sacrifice. The Greeks tied it into sheaves,  
 And placed it at the lintel, arriving guests to please.
- P PHYSALIS FRANCHETTI — *Chinese Lantern Plant*  
 Like a Mandarin of high degree  
     reigns this orange-robed scarlet berry;  
 Cousin to the humble strawberry-tomato  
     or edible ground-cherry.
- Q QUERCUS — *Oak Leaves*  
 Selected carefully, pressed and arranged  
     to prolong the autumn show,  
 These were favorite winter decorations  
     not so many years ago.
- R RHODANTHE MANGLESI  
 Captain Mangles introduced them from Australia  
     in eighteen thirty two.  
 They bloom in dainty pink and white, and though dry,  
     seem ever bright and new.
- S STATICE — *Marsh Rosemary* — *Sea Thrift* — *Sea Lavender*  
 Wild, it grows along the marshes by the sea,  
     and we gathered it in great profusion  
                                     every Fall.  
 Now we cultivate the annual, which proves to be  
     a winter joy of larger, brighter sprays,  
                                     if not so tall.
- T THISTLE, THIMBLE — *Eryngium Amethystinum*  
 This lovely lavender thimble thistle  
     is charming in its blooming,  
 Preserve it, that you may still enjoy its beauty  
     when winter winds are booming.
- U UNIOLA LATIFOLIA — *Spike Grass*  
 If you like a spike  
     in a composite display,  
 It will not be amiss  
     for you to try this.



- V VERA LAVENDULA — *True Lavender*  
 At other times and in other places  
 I have sung its praises.  
 Yet, every year, as flowers appear,  
 each a new joy raises.
- W WINGED EVERLASTING — *Ammobium Alatum*  
 From New Holland it flew on its silvery  
 white wings;  
 In its soft yellow heart a message  
 it brings,  
 That is fair and fresh and full of  
 good cheer,  
 That shall surely endure for many  
 a year.
- X XERANTHEMUM — *Immortelle*  
 In Southern Europe and the Levant  
 for full two hundred years,  
 These flowers have signified a hope  
 beyond this vale of tears.
- Y YARROW — *Achillea Tomentosa*  
 The yellow yarrow is an old time simple  
 with a very pungent smell,  
 It was hung from beams in colonial homes  
 as a sort of magic spell.
- Z ZEBRA GRASS — *Eulalia Zebrina*  
 In the leaves of this, one of the paradoxes  
 of nature is seen,  
 For it is the only plant known that grows  
 white *across* the green.  
 Both grass and plume can be preserved  
 to show their beauty,  
 So for winter decoration Zebrina  
 does double duty.

& & on my recommendation

I hope no one will take the whole Alphabet  
For winter decoration.

To those with H always supplied,  
I'm sure that A and X would please,  
And beg that B, R, T, be tried.

There is a new soft orange G,  
One ought to have L, K, and C,  
And surely some of S, V, P.

## **Roses I Have Known**

Old Time Favorites

### *Crested Moss 1827*

This was the wonder of the world a hundred years ago.  
Now as beautiful a bud as an open fragrant flower  
When each June these charming roses in my garden grow,  
As in the days when Dolly Madison had them in her  
bower.

### *Mme. Plantier 1835*

How many sweet girl graduates of long ago  
Held these fragrant clusters, white as snow!  
How many fair young brides and tired old mothers  
Cherished these and loved them more than all the others!

### *General Jacqueminot 1852*

Faithful dear old crimson rose,  
From your depths, as you uncloze, rises richness to the  
light.  
Fading, ere the day is dead;  
Yet the glory that is sped, with each bud is born as bright.

### *Prince Camille de Rohan 1861*

For dark, deep beauty, and deeper fragrance, it never lacks,  
This fine old favorite is still the king of blacks.

***La France 1867***

Very charming were its blooms of silver pink, and, I think,  
Roses now make no advance beyond the fragrance of La  
France.

***Baroness Rothschild 1867***

If one could attain the utmost satisfaction without a nose,  
This magnificent effusion of pink would be the perfect  
rose.

***Paul Neyron 1869***

Not perfect in form or color, but fragrant, and a lover  
knows

Not to expect every quality in the very biggest rose.

***American Beauty 1875***

For many years the favorite of debutantes,  
Also of their sisters, their cousins and their aunts.  
If trying in color, most superb in size,  
With a fragrance to delight and to surprise.

***Frau Karl Druschki 1900***

This perpetually blooming, fine form white,  
From June to December, gives with all its might.

## **Rose Vines I Have Known**

***Gardenia 1899***

How these buff buds a trellis or a bank adorn,  
Bright as the evening light, fragrant as the morn.  
One bud alone brings the acme of pleasure,  
Thousands, gleaming in the grass, entrance beyond  
measure.

***Universal Favorite 1899***

The double rose of bowers and lover's greeting,  
Of sentimental hours and the secret meeting.  
The flower with the essence of the summer night,  
Aiding the completeness of young heart's delight.  
Old-fashioned as the balcony and Juliet,  
Old-fashioned with a beauty one can not forget.

*Lady Gay 1899*

Once a year, a fairy passing in the night  
Leaves behind a work surpassing human might!  
Beauties by the thousand, glowing softly bright;  
Purity and grace bestowing on the sight!  
May be ramblers worth the knowing, dark or light,  
Gives no other rose a-growing more delight!

*Evangeline 1904*

In every way it grows  
Trailing, climbing, spreading,  
Hedged in massive rows,  
It gives in great profusion its wild-rose-pink effusion.  
And more bountifully than any other rose  
A deep, sweet, honey fragrance it bestows.

*Silver Moon 1910*

Cover the wall, silver moon, with your white  
Multiple beautiful boon borrowed from night!  
Fill the sultry summer noon with cool delight!

*Paul's Scarlet Climber 1916*

Unique in color, bright, unfading, no description will  
suffice.  
It burns into the memory, and in winter, if I close my eyes,  
I feel it living, color giving, beyond the leaden skies.

## **Last but Not Least**

*Cecile Brunner (Sweetheart) 1881*

Delicate, tiny, pink-tinted beauty buds,  
Opening to rose and cream, my dainty dears!  
You are young and fair and wonderful to-day,  
Though you have been my sweetheart fifty years!

## Envoi

I love other garden folk as well as these,  
And fain would write in praise of ferns and trees,  
And tell of intimacies with birds and bees.

There have been deer tracks on the sand or snow,  
And prints of other visitors that come and go,  
Of many welcome, of a few I do not care to know.

I would calendar the birds numbered among my friends,  
And tabulate each bloom that nature recommends;  
This, like all other garden work, begins but never ends.

So, instead of scribbling more, I must, for my own sake,  
And perhaps for others, too, a better garden make,  
And dig and plant and cultivate and rake.

My friends, I hope as years go on, you each will find  
Along the straight, sure ways of life, or those that wind  
The garden that completely suits your mind.

## And — The Gardener

How to make a garden grow  
Without the gardener, I'd like to know?  
Scratching, raking, day and night,  
Ever on hand to keep things right!

Ever plowing and planting seeds,  
Watering, digging, pulling weeds,  
Spading here and spraying there,  
Tending all with loving care!

Every tool of every kind!  
Bugs and woodchucks ever in mind!  
Rows so straight, beds so clean,  
Except for deer tracks, often seen!

Not flying around as when he was young,  
But still for gardens, his praise is sung!  
How, without the gardener, I'd like to know,  
Could ever you make a garden grow?

*Florence Hathaway Crowell*

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Dogwoods	31	Oak (Leaves)	147
Evergreens, King of	13	Olive, Japanese	71
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Forsythia	16	Rhododendrons	27
Genista	122	Silver Bells (Snowdrop Tree)	17
Gleditschia	130	Tamarisk	19
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Abronia	100	Bryonopsis	79
Abutilon	125	Buttercups	23
Acacia	123	Butterfly Bush	95
Achimenes	125	Butterfly Weed	109
Acroclinium	145		
Ageratum	95	Calceolaria	124
Airplant	123	Calandrinia	45
Alyssum, Golden	19	Calliopsis	51
Alyssum, Sweet	49	Canary-Bird Flower	79
Amaranth, Globe	145	Candytuft	42
Ambum-Ambum	126	Catmint	146
Ampelopsis	83	Celosia, Plumed	72
Anchusa	41	Chimney Bells	66
Anchusa, Annual	47	Chinese Lantern Plant	147
Anemone	65	Chionodoxas	15
Angel's Trumpet	110	Christmas Rose	9
Anthemis	42	Chrysanthemums	117
Arabis	13	Cleome	55
Arctotis	57	Clover, White	36
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Artemisia, Silver King	146	Collinsia	84
Astilbe	61	Columbines	31
Astilbe, Japonica	122	Commelina	46
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		Corn, Ornamental	109
Baby-Blue-Eyes	33	Cosmidium	47
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Bachelor Buttons	22	Cowslip, Virginia	19
Balloon Flower	50	Crocuses at Cummaquid	16
Balloon Vine	79	Crocus, Fall	119
Balsam	58	Crown Imperial	15
Basil	97	Cruel Plant	127
Bean, Egyptian	82	Cups of Canterbury	34
Bean, Scarlet-runner	81	Cypress Vine	78
Bee Balm	55		
Begonias, Tuberous	110	Daisy, African (Arctotis)	57
Bess	132	Daisy, African (Orange)	89
Bitter Sweet	83	Daisy, English	10
Blanket Flower	36	Daisy, Michaelmas	116
Blazing Star	89	Daisy, Painted	32
Bleeding Heart	15	Daisy, Swan River	90
Boneset	112	Daffodils	31
Borage	138	Dahlia	104
Bouncing Bet	113	Dayflower	46
Briza	145	Delphinium	37
Browallia	51	Devil's Trumpet	110



Dianthus	86	Hollyhocks	100
Digitalis	44	Honesty	108
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		Hyacinth, Summer	72
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		Jewels of the Veldt	65
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Fleece Vine	84	Johnnie-jump-up	22
Floss Flower	95	Joseph's Coat	106
Flora's Paint-brush	96		
Forget-me-not, Chinese	98	Kaulfussia	112
Forsythia at Creltholme	16	Kerria	28
Fountain Plant	127	Kingcups	23
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Foxglove	44	Lady's Flowers, My	
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Fuchsia	101	Lantana	73
		Larkspur	37
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Gaura	74	Lavender, True	116
Genista	122	Lavender, Sea	147
Gilia capita	43	Leptosiphon	69
Gillyflower	118	Leptosyne	43
Gloxinia	122	Liatris	89
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Grass Pink Walk	24	Lilies of the Valley	35
Grass, Plume	145	Lily, Orange Day	62
Grass, Quaking	145	Lily, Water	50
Grass, Spike	147	Lily, White Day	64
Grass, Zebra	148	Lobelia	94
		Lobster Claw Cactus	121
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Mountain Fleece	115	Rosa	38
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Nemesia	52	Sanvitalia	69
Nolana	59	Satinflower	70
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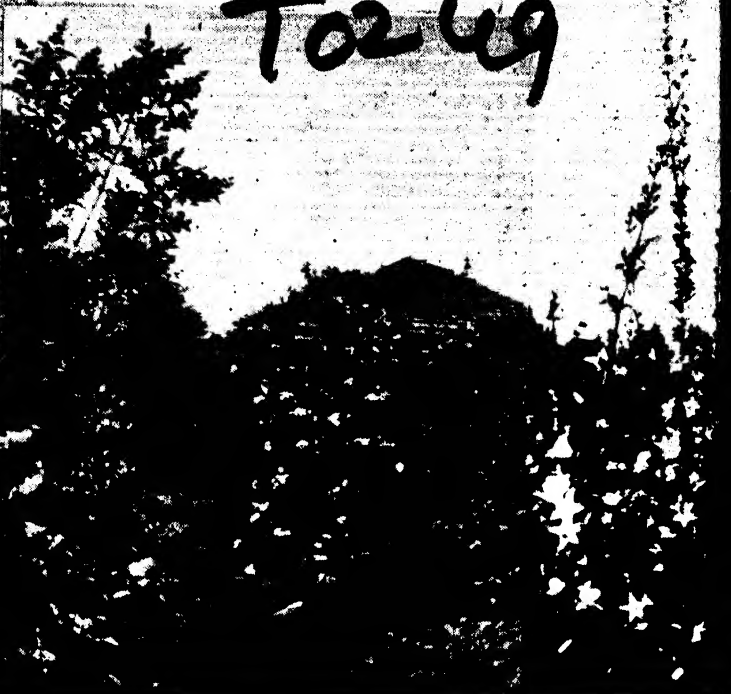
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